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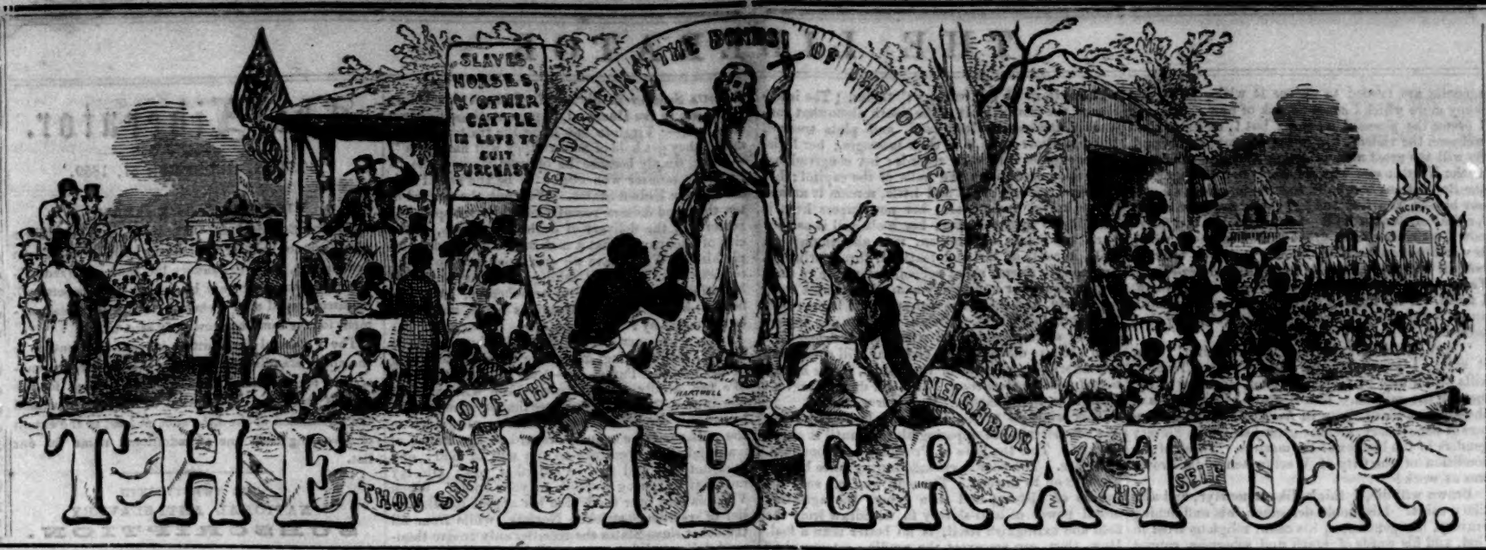
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

☞ 'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but *they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.* On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and *must walk in it.* To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' —WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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SELECTIONS.

VIRGINIA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mrs. Mason of Va. to L. Maria Child.

ALTO, King George's Co., Va., Nov. 11, 1859.

Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there, 'Woe unto you, hypocrites,' and take to yourself with two-fold damnation that terrible sentence; for, rest assured, in the day of judgment it shall be more tolerable for those thus scathed by the awful denunciation of the Son of God, than for you. *You* would soothe with sisterly and motherly care the hoary headed murderer of Harper's Ferry! A man whose aim and intention was to incite the horrors of a servile war—to condemn women of your own race, ere death closed their eyes on their sufferings from violence and outrage, to see their husbands and fathers murdered, their children butchered, the ground strewed with the brains of their babes. The antecedents of Brown's band proved them to have been the offscourings of the earth; and what would have been our fate had they found as many sympathizers in Virginia as they seem to have in Massachusetts?

Now, compare yourself with those your 'sympathy' would devote to such ruthless ruin, and say, on that 'word of honor, which never has been broken,' would *you* stand by the bedside of an old negro, dying of a hopeless disease, to alleviate his sufferings as far as human aid could? Have *you* ever watched the last, lingering illness of a consumptive, to soothe, as far as in you lay, the inevitable fate? Do *you* soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give? Do *you* grieve with those *near* you, even though their sorrows resulted from their own misconduct? Did *you* ever sit up until the 'wee hours' to complete a dress for a motherless child, that she might appear on Christmas day in a new one, along with her more fortunate companions? Wedo these and more for our servants, and why? Because we endeavor *to do our duty in that state of life it has pleased God to place us.* In his revealed word we read our duties to them—theirs to us are there also—'Not only to the good and gentle, but to the froward.'—(Peter ii: 18.) Go thou and do likewise, and keep away from Charlestown. If the stories read in the public prints be true, of the sufferings of the poor of the North, you need not go far for objects of charity. 'Thou hypocrite! take first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy neighbor's.' But if, indeed, you do lack objects of sympathy near you, go to Jefferson County, to the family of George Turner, a noble, true-hearted man, whose devotion to his friend (Col. Washington) causing him to risk his life, was shot down like a dog. Or to that of old Beckham, whose grief at the murder of his negro subordinate made him needlessly expose himself to the aim of the assassin Brown. And when you can equal in deeds of love and charity to those *around* you, what is shown by nine-tenths of the Virginia plantations, then by your 'sympathy' whet the knives for our throats and kindle the torch that fires our homes. *You* reverence Brown for his clemency to his prisoners! Prisoners! and how taken? Unsuspecting workmen, going to their daily duties; unarmed gentlemen, taken from their beds at the dead hour of the night, by six men doubly and trebly armed. Suppose he had hurt a hair of their heads, do you suppose one of the band of desperadoes would have left the engine-house alive? And did not he know that his treatment of them was his only hope of life then, or of clemency afterward? Of course he did. The United States troops could not have prevented him from being torn limb from limb.

I will add, in conclusion, no Southerner ought, after your letter to Gov. Wise and to Brown, to read a line of your composition, or to touch a magazine which bears your name in its list of contributors; and in this we hope for the 'sympathy,' at least of those at the North who deserve the name of woman.

M. J. C. MASON.

Mrs. Child's Reply.

WAYLAND, Mass., Dec. 17, 1859.

Prolonged absence from home has prevented my answering your letter so soon as I intended. I have no disposition to retort upon you the 'two-fold damnation,' to which you consign me. On the contrary, I sincerely wish you well, both in this world and the next. If the anathema proved a safety-valve to your own boiling spirit, it did some good to you, while it fell harmless upon me. Fortunately for all of us, the Heavenly Father rules His universe by laws, which the passions or the prejudices of mortals have no power to change.

As for John Brown, his reputation may be safely trusted to the impartial pen of History; and his motives will be righteously judged by Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. Men, however great they may be, are of small consequence in comparison with principles; and the principle for which John Brown died is the question at issue between us.

You refer me to the Bible, from which you quote the favorite text of slaveholders:

'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.'—1 Peter, 2: 18.

Abolitionists also have favorite texts, to some of which I would call your attention:

'Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.'—Heb. 13: 3.

'Hide the outcasts. Bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee. Be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.'—Isa. 16: 3, 4.

'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him.'—Deut. 23: 15, 16.

'Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.'—Prov. 29: 8, 9.

'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sins.'—Isa. 58: 1.

I would especially commend to slaveholders the following portions of that volume, wherein you say God has revealed the duty of masters:

'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.'—Col. 4: 1.

'Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.'—Matt. 23: 8, 10.

'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'—Matt. 7: 12.

'Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?'—Isa. 58: 6.

'They have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'—Joel 3: 3.

'He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.'—Prov. 14: 31.

'Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those who spoiled them.'—Prov. 22: 22, 23.

'Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.'—Jer. 22: 13.

'Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands.'—Eph. 4: 28.

'Wo unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless.'—Isa. 10: 1, 2.

'If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant, when they contend with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer Him?'—Job 31: 13, 14.

'Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee; and darkness, that thou canst not see.'—Job 22: 9, 10, 11.

'Behold the hire of your laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just.'—James 5: 4.

If the appropriateness of these texts is not apparent, I will try to make it so, by evidence drawn entirely from *Southern* sources. The Abolitionists are not such an ignorant set of fanatics as you suppose. They *know* whereof they affirm. They are familiar with the laws of the slave States, which are alone sufficient to inspire abhorrence in any humane heart or reflecting mind not perverted by the prejudices of education and custom. I might fill many letters with significant extracts from your statute-books; but I have space only to glance at a few, which indicate the *leading* features of the system you cherish so tenaciously.

The universal rule of the slave State is that 'the child follows the condition of its *mother.*' This is an index to many things. Marriages between white and colored people are forbidden by law; yet a very large number of the slaves are brown or yellow. When Lafayette visited this country in his old age, he said he was very much struck by the great change in the colored population of Virginia; that in the time of the Revolution, nearly all the household slaves were black, but when he returned to America, he found very few of them black. The advertisements in Southern newspapers often describe runaway slaves that 'pass themselves for white men.' Sometimes they are described as having 'straight, light hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion.' This could not be, unless their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers had been white men. But as their *mothers* were slaves, the law pronounces *them* slaves, subject to be sold on the auction-block whenever the necessities or convenience of their masters or mistresses require it. The sale of one's own children, brothers, or sisters, has an ugly aspect to those who are unaccustomed to it; and, obviously, it cannot have a good moral influence, that law and custom should render licentiousness a *profitable* vice.

Throughout the slave States, the testimony of no colored person, bond or free, can be received against a white man. You have some laws, which, on the face of them, would seem to restrain inhuman men from murdering or mutilating slaves; but they are rendered nearly null by the law I have cited. 'Any drunken master, overseer, or patrol, may go into the negro cabins and commit what outrages he pleases, with perfect impunity, if no white person is present who chooses to witness against him. North Carolina and Georgia leave a large loop-hole for escape, even if white persons are present, when murder is committed. A law to punish persons for 'maliciously killing a slave' has this remarkable qualification: 'Always provided that this act shall not extend to any slave dying of moderate correction.' We at the North find it difficult to understand how *moderate* punishment can cause *death.* I have read several of your law-books attentively, and I find no cases of punishment for the murder of a slave, except by fines paid to the *owner*, to indemnify him for the loss of his *property:* the same as if his horse or cow had been killed. In the South Carolina Reports is a case where the State had indicted Guy Raines for the murder of a slave named Isaac. It was proved that William Gray, the owner of Isaac, had given him *a thousand lashes.* The poor creature made his escape, but was caught, and delivered to the custody of Raines, to be carried to the county jail. Because he refused to go, Raines gave him five hundred lashes, and he died soon after. The counsel for Raines proposed that he should be allowed to acquit himself by his *own oath.* The Court decided against it, because *white witnesses* had testified; but the Court of Appeals afterward decided that he *ought* to have been exculpated by his own oath, and he was *acquitted.* Small indeed is the chance for justice to a slave, when his own color are not allowed to testify, if they see him maimed or his children murdered; when he has slaveholders for Judges and Jurors; when the murderer can exculpate himself by his own oath; and when the law provides that it is no murder to kill a slave by 'moderate correction!'

Your laws uniformly declare that 'a slave shall be deemed a chattel personal in the hands of his owner, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.' This, of course, involves the right to sell his children, as if they were pigs; also, to take his wife from him 'for any intent or purpose whatsoever.' Your laws also make it death for him to resist a white man, however brutally he may be treated, or however much his family may be outraged before his eyes. If he attempts to run away, your laws allow any man to shoot him.

By your laws, all a slave's earnings belong to his master. He can neither receive donations nor transmit property. If his master allows him some hours to work for himself, and by great energy and perseverance he earns enough to buy his own bones and sinews, his master may make him pay two or three times over, and he has no redress. Three such cases have come within my own knowledge. Even a written promise from his master has no legal value, because a slave can make no contracts.

Your laws also systematically aim at keeping the minds of the colored people in the most abject state of ignorance. If white people attempt to teach them to read or write, they are punished by imprisonment or fines; if they attempt to teach other, they are punished with from twenty to thirty-nine lashes each. It cannot be said that the Anti-Slavery agitation produced such laws, for they date much further back; many of them when we were Provinces. They are the *necessities* of the system, which, being itself an outrage upon human nature, can be sustained only by perpetual outrages.

The next reliable source of information is the advertisements in the Southern papers. In *The North Carolina* (Raleigh) *Standard*, Mr. Micajah Ricks advertises, 'Runaway, a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M.' In *The Natchez Courier*, Mr. J. P. Ashford advertises a runaway negro girl, with 'a good many teeth missing, and the letter A branded on her cheek and forehead.' In *The Lexington Observer* (Ky.), Mr. William Overstreet advertises a runaway negro with 'his left eye out, scars from a dirk on his left arm, and much scarred with the whip.' I might quote from hundreds of such advertisements, offering rewards for runaways, 'dead or alive,' and describing them with 'ears cut off,' 'jaws broken,' 'scarred by rifle-balls,' &c.

Another source of information is afforded by your 'Fugitives from Injustice,' with many of whom I have conversed freely. I have seen scars of the whip and marks of the branding-iron, and I have listened to their heart-breaking sobs, while they told of 'piccaninnies' torn from their arms and sold.

Another source of information is furnished by emancipated slaveholders. Sarah M. Grimke, daughter of the late Judge Grimke, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, testifies as follows: 'As I left my native State on account of Slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this cannot be. They come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me, with resistless power, in the name of a God of mercy, in the name of a crucified Saviour, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slaveholder, as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house.' She proceeds to describe dreadful tragedies, the actors in which she says were 'men and women of the first families in South Carolina;' and that their cruelties did not, in the slightest degree, affect their standing in society. Her sister, Angelina Grimke, declared: 'While I live, and Slavery lives, I *must* testify against it. Not merely for the sake of my poor brothers and sisters in bonds; for even were slavery no curse to its victims, the exercise of arbitrary power works such fearful ruin upon the hearts of slaveholders, that I should feel impelled to labor and pray for its overthrow with my latest breath.' Among the horrible barbarities she enumerates is the case of a girl thirteen years old, who was flogged to death by her master. She says: 'I asked a prominent lawyer, who belonged to one of the first families in the State, whether the murderer of this helpless child could not be indicted, and he coolly replied that the slave was Mr. ——'s property, and if he chose to suffer the *loss*, no one else had anything to do with it.' She proceeds to say: 'I felt there could be for me no rest in the midst of such outrages and pollutions. Yet I saw nothing of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the city, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement and decked out for show. It is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction that this is a cause worth dying for. I say so from what I have seen, and heard, and known, in a land of Slavery, whereon rest the darkness of Egypt and the sin of Sodom.' I once asked Miss Angelina if she thought Abolitionists exaggerated the horrors of Slavery. She replied, with earnest emphasis: 'They *cannot* be exaggerated. It is impossible for imagination to go beyond the facts.' To a lady who observed that the time had not yet come for agitating the subject, she answered: 'I apprehend if thou wert a *slave*, toiling in the fields of Carolina, thou wouldst think the time had *fully* come.'

Mr. Thorne, of Kentucky, in the course of his eloquent lectures on this subject, said: 'I breathed my first breath in an atmosphere of Slavery. But though I am heir to a slave inheritance, I am bold to denounce the whole system as an outrage, a complication of crimes, and wrongs, and cruelties, that make angels weep.'

'Mr. Allen of Alabama, in a discussion with the students at Lane Seminary, in 1834, told of a slave who was tied up and beaten all day, with a paddle full of holes. At night, his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. The punishment was inflicted within hearing of the Academy and the Public Green. But no one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done. At our house, it is so common to hear screams from a neighboring plantation, that we think nothing of it. Lest any one should think that the slaves are *generally* well treated, and that the cases I have mentioned are exceptions, let me be distinctly understood that cruelty is the *rule*, and kindness is the exception.'

In the same discussion, a student from Virginia, after relating cases of great cruelty, said: 'Such things are common all over Virginia; at least, so far as I am acquainted. But the planters generally avoid punishing their slaves before *strangers.*'

Miss Mattie Griffith of Kentucky, whose entire property consisted in slaves, emancipated them all. The noble-hearted girl wrote to me: 'I shall go forth into the world penniless; but I shall work with a light heart, and, best of all, I shall live with an easy conscience.' Previous to this generous resolution, she had never read any Abolition document, and entertained the common Southern prejudice against them. But her own observation so deeply impressed her with the enormities of Slavery, that she was impelled to publish a book, called 'The Autobiography of a Female Slave.' I read it with thrilling interest; but some of the scenes made my nerves quiver so painfully, that I told her I hoped they were too highly colored. She shook her head sadly, and replied: 'I am sorry to say that every incident in the book has come within my own knowledge.'

St. Geo. Tucker, Judge and Professor of Law in Virginia, speaking of the legalized murder of runaways, said: 'Such are the cruelties to which a state of Slavery gives birth—such the horrors to which the human mind is capable of being reconciled by its adoption.' Alluding to our struggle in '76, he said: 'While we proclaimed our resolution to live free or die, we imposed on our fellow-men, of different complexion, a Slavery ten thousand times worse than the utmost extremity of the oppressions of which we complained.

Gov. Giles, in a Message to the Legislature of Virginia, referring to the custom of selling free colored people into Slavery, as a punishment for offences not capital, said: 'Slavery must be admitted to be a *punishment of the highest order;* and, according to the just rule for the apportionment of punishment to crimes, it ought to be applied only to *crimes of the highest order.* The most distressing reflection in the application of this punishment to female offenders is that it extends to their offspring; and the innocent are thus punished with the guilty.' Yet one hundred and twenty thousand innocent babes in this country are annually subjected to a punishment which your Governor declared ought to be applied only to crimes of the highest order.

Jefferson said: 'One *day* of American Slavery is worse than a *thousand years* of that which we rose in arms to oppose.' Alluding to insurrections, he said: 'The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest.'

John Randolph declared: 'Every planter is a sentinel at his own door. Every Southern mother, when she hears an alarm of fire in the night, instinctively presses her infant closer to her bosom.'

Looking at the system of slavery in the light of all this evidence, do you candidly think we deserve 'two-fold damnation' for detesting it? Can you not believe that we may hate the system, and yet be truly your friends? I make allowance for the excited state of your mind, and for the prejudices induced by education. I do not care to change your opinion of me; but I do wish you could be persuaded to examine this subject dispassionately, for the sake of the prosperity of Virginia, and the welfare of unborn generations, both white and colored. For thirty years, Abolionists have been trying to reason with slaveholders, through the press, and in the halls of Congress. Their efforts, though directed to the *masters only*, have been met with violence and abuse almost equal to that poured on the head of John Brown. Yet surely we, as a portion of the Union, involved in the expense, the degeneracy, the danger, and the disgrace, of this iniquitous and fatal system, have a *right* to speak about it, and a right to be *heard* also. At the North, we willingly publish pro-slavery arguments, and ask only a fair field and no favor for the other side. But you will not even allow your own citizens a chance to examine this important subject. Your letter to me is published in Northern papers, as well as Southern; but my reply will not be allowed to appear in any Southern paper. The despotic measures you take to silence investigation, and shut out the light from your own white popultion, prove how little reliance you have on the strength of your cause. In this enlightened age, all despotisms *ought* to come to an end by the agency of moral and rational means. But if they resist such agencies, it is in the order of Providence that they *must* come to an end by violence. History is full of such lessons.

Would that the vail of prejudice could be removed from your eyes. If you would candidly examine the statements of Governor Hincks of the British West Indies, and of the Rev. Mr. Bleby, long time a Missionary in those Islands, both before and after emancipation, you could not fail to be convinced that Cash is a more powerful incentive to labor than the Lash, and far safer also. One fact in relation to those Islands is very significant. While the working-people were slaves, it was always necessary to order out the military during the Christmas holidays; but, since emancipation, not a soldier is to be seen. A hundred John Browns might land there, without exciting the slightest alarm.

To the personal questions you ask me, I will reply in the name of all the women of New-England. It would be extremely difficult to find any woman in our villages who does *not* sew for the poor, and watch with the sick, whenever occasion requires. We pay our domestics generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please; a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a charity, after being deprived of just payment for their labor. I have never known an instance where the 'pangs of maternity' did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies.

I readily believe what you state concerning the kindness of many Virginia matrons. It is creditable to their hearts: but after all, the best that can be done in that way is a poor equivalent for the perpetual wrong done to the slaves, and the terrible liabilities to which they are always subject. Kind masters and mistresses among you are merely lucky accidents. If any one *chooses* to be a brutal despot, your laws and customs give him complete power to do so. And the lot of those slaves who have the kindest masters is exceedingly precarious. In case of death, or pecuniary difficulties, or marriages in the family, they may at any time be suddenly transferred from protection and indulgence to personal degradation, or extreme severity; and if they should try to escape from such sufferings, anybody is authorized to shoot them down like dogs.

With regard to your declaration that 'no Southerner ought henceforth to read a line of my composition,' I reply that I have great satisfaction in the consciousness of having nothing to lose in that quarter. Twenty-seven years ago, I published a book called 'An Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans.' It influenced the minds of several young men, afterward conspicuous in public life, through whose agency the cause was better served than it could have been by me. From that time to this, I have labored too earnestly for the slave to be agreeable to slaveholders. Literary popularity was never a paramount object with me, even in my youth; and, now that I am old, I am utterly indifferent to it. But, if I cared for the exclusion you threaten, I should at least have the consolation of being exiled with honorable company. Dr. Channing's writings, mild and candid as they are, breathe what you would call arrant treason. Wm. C. Bryant, in his capacity of editor, is openly on our side. The inspired muse of Whittier has incessantly sounded the trumpet for moral warfare with your iniquitous institution; and his stirring tones have been answered, more or less loudly, by Pierpont, Lowell, and Longfellow. Emerson, the Plato of America, leaves the scholastic seclusion he loves so well, and, disliking noise with all his poetic soul, bravely takes his stand among the trumpeters. Geo. W. Curtis, the brilliant writer, the eloquent lecturer, the elegant man of the world, lays the wealth of his talent on the altar of Freedom, and makes common cause with rough-shod reformers.

The genius of Mrs. Stowe carried the outworks of your institution at one dash, and left the citadel open to besiegers, who are pouring in amain. In the church, on the ultra-liberal side, it is assailed by the powerful battering-ram of Theodore Parker's eloquence. On the extreme orthodox side is set a huge fire, kindled by the burning words of Dr. Cheever. Between them is Henry Ward Beecher, sending a shower of keen arrows into your entrenchments; and with him ride a troop of sharp-shooters from all sects. If you turn to the literature of England or France, you will find your institution treated with as little favor. The fact is, the whole civilized world proclaims Slavery an outlaw, and the best intellect of the age is active in hunting it down.

L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER TO A FRIEND IN BOSTON.

ROME, Nov. 24, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—I see by a recent telegraph which the steamer of Nov. 2 brought from Boston, that the Court found Capt. Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, Dec. 2, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So, long before this reaches you, my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright private life. I am not well enough to be the minister to any congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul, while it listened to my words. Surely, the Twenty-Eighth Congressional Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; and yet, while reading the accounts of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defence of the True and the Right.

America is rich in able men, in skillful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principle of justice, and the American Democracy; nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party; how will it affect the next Presidential election; what will the great State of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or New York, say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically and thus speedily with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up *Democracy*, if we keep *Slavery;* or give up *Slavery*, if we keep *Democracy.*

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural functions, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick, but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your consideration. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; beside, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the Public Knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. *A man held against his will as a slave has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither requires proofs nor admits them.

2. *It may be a natural duty of the slave to develop this natural right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* For if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation If I fail thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from Slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thraldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to peform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. *The freeman has a natural right to help the slaves recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.*

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. *It may be a Natural Duty for the freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of their liberty, and as means to that end, to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural freedom.*

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a *right* to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my *duty* to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a *murderer* and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it was not a murderer who would kill you, but a *kidnapper* who would enslave you, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a *slaveholder* who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. *The performance of this duty is to be controlled by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves* (the impossible is never the obligatory). I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Borneo, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighborhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I could help the bondmen in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I *ought* to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the Free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come (1st) irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and (2) the statute laws made by the Legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that 'Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; and they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem.' I think much of that is true of us. If he had succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, the majority of men in New England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means. The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon; it is already loaded.

Of course, I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another 'insurrection' or 'rebellion' took place in the State of ——, or a third in ——, or a fourth in ——. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men, like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great General Causes which move all human kind to hate Wrong and love Right. Such 'insurrections' will continue as long as Slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the human race; and until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State—'*Sic semper Tyrannis!*' 'Let such be the end of every oppressor.'

It is a good Anti-Slavery picture on the Virginia shield—a man standing on a tyrant, and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the swordholder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago, it did not seem difficult first to check Slavery, and then to end it without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

1. There are four million slaves in the United States violently withheld from their natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, (1), they are our fellow-countrymen—yours and mine, just as much as any four million white men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation—the duty of instruction, advice, and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The color of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them—the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes Capt. Brown's expedition—an attempt to help his countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their natural duty to their black countrymen—that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter, Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now, the Underground Railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By and by, it will be an Overground Railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada; the only *tunneling* will be in the Slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that Locomotive of Liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political Free-Soilers in Boston, as 'the man who had helped 1,800 slaves to their natural liberty,' even that meeting gave the righteous Quaker *three times three.* All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, 'I wish that Heaven would make me such a man.' The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago, Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom* (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*), but with the money she sent, what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of humanity. Did your friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston Hunkers had never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776; that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr. Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven-and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterward sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, 'Charity should begin at home.' The American began a good way off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr. Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty*, than a Pole or a Greek to political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Capt. Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail—the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death; it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appear as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defence into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt, the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for Liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance—the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of many: In Santa Cruz, the old slave laws were the most horrible, I think, I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offence his right leg was to be cut off; for the second offence, his other leg. This mutilation was not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation ax, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and so save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live Torso of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a Court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with 'tamarind rods' six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end—rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in 'rebellion,' and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3,000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3,000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3,000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt, it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance.* San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place within the memory of many of us.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the Slave States, there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual at any day; and if not in 1860, then in some other 'year of our Lord.' Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about 'Liberty,' boasting that we are 'the freest people in the world,' declaring that 'a man would die, rather than be a slave.' We continually praise 'our Fathers who fought the Revolution.' We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginnings of that great national work. Once a

a year, we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the 'champions of Liberty'! How we point out the 'infamy of the British oppressors'! 'They would make our Fathers slaves,' say we, 'and we slew the oppressor—SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!'

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping 'Independence Day,' or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all; the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. 'You are only half human,' say they, 'not capable of freedom.' 'Hay is good for horses, not for hogs,' said the *philosophic* American who now 'represents the great Democracy at the Court of Turin.' *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that. *Non mi recordo.* 'Contempt,' says the proverb, 'will out through the shell of the tortoise;' and one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if 'oppression maketh wise men mad,' what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: If the negroes have not general power of mind or instinctive love of liberty equal to the whites, they are as much our superiors in *power of cunning*, and in *contempt for death*—rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century: they spread fear and consternation. The future will be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, 'no attribute of the Almighty' which can take sides with the master, but *there will be many white men who will take part with the slave.* Men like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr. Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man in your town was in actual service. Now-a-days, their descendants are proud of the fact. One day, it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of three-pence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of Slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this, if only tolerated as an exceptional measure—a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instantial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this:—'In 1790, there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year 1900, A. D., there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that Slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this:—there are twenty Southern Representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,400,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal Power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the Slave Power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision, the fillibustering against Cuba (till found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the court of justice. She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas; and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay. Those things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty; thence comes the Free-Soil party, thence the Republican party. It contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principle as a platform to work its measures on: the principle will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that Slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro.* So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough, and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—that is, *by destroying Slavery itself.*

An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its Constitutional Right, and perform its Constitutional Duty, and 'guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union.' That *is* a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against Slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the City of New York (a sort of sink where the villainy of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of *The New York Herald* and *The New York Observer*, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness)—they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder emigrants, engage in the slave-trade, or venture on fillibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her 'peculiar institution,' they are familiar with violence and ready and able to murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of Slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day—it may come any time—when the lovers of mischief will do a little fillibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands, and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a fillibustering jig thereon. She cries, 'Well done! Hurrah for Walker!' 'Hurrah for Brooks!' 'Hurrah for the bark Wanderer and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with Justice and Humanity!' The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years, the South has BURNED ALIVE eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this hell-fire of Slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The Fire of Vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, Slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the Press, the Market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but I, at least, shall welcome the violent, if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North: else why do we honor the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill. I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North, I mean, for the logic of Slavery will keep the South on its lower course and drive it on more swiftly than before.

'Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure,' I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest Slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which Slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the City of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men: yes, and on Southern men. 'For every human heart is human,' &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of 'the great tree' on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, the American Church damn his soul: still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the Infinitely Perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

I suppose you would like to know something about me. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

THE HISTORIC PURCHASE OF FREEDOM.

BY REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER.

The Lecture Committee of the Fraternity Association, whose course of lectures has been so popular the present winter, generously offered to their patrons an extra lecture, which was delivered on Thursday evening, Dec. 22d, at the Music Hall, by Rev. William R. Alger, who took for his subject, 'The Historic Purchase of Freedom'—an appropriate theme for Forefathers' Day. The audience was large, the hall being almost entirely filled, and the lecture one of great ability, abounding in vigorous passages, and expressed in most felicitous language. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and held the undivided attention of the audience from the first sentence to the last—frequently eliciting the most enthusiastic applause. It has since been published in a handsome pamphlet, with a valuable appendix, by Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington Street, Boston. We can find room for only the latter portion of it, the perusal of which, we are sure, will quicken the desire to possess it unabridged.

Many respectable men affirm, in deprecation of this agitation, that it results in unmixed evil, exasperating the South to an insane tenacity. Even if so, the inference is not sound. Shall Nathan refrain to lift his finger and cry, 'Thou art the man,' for fear David will be enraged and cleave closer to his sin? But I vehemently disbelieve, that had no abolitionist sound been heard, whole States would before now have abolished slavery. The reverse is the truth. The fiercer determination of the South is a natural growth from its own pampered spirit, and from the increased value of the property. When in contact with the benightedness and ferocity of Southern civilization, we place the fact that the winning of one new territory to their domain instantly adds a hundred million dollars to their wealth, and helps them towards a preponderance of power, who believes that slavery would have died *there*, had Mr. Garrison not been born *here*? In his seventh of March speech, Daniel Webster says, (Quid ait medicus? Nihil *de veneno?*)—'What have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favor of slavery in the South? I suppose, sir, this is owing to the rapid growth of the COTTON plantations.' The plea which asks us to serve our cause by being dumb, is the sophistry of cowardice and indifference. Have we not, with our own eyes, seen a definite and solid good won by determined agitation? Like Venus from the foam of the sea, the Goddess of Liberty rose out of the dust of the commotion in Kansas!

It is clear that there are but three issues for this dilating controversy. First, through the singleness of purpose and avalanche will of the South, and through an increased servility in the North, the slave power may triumph, and, in its supremacy, make slavery national in usage as it already is in theory. My God! shall this ever be permitted? Among the green hills of Vermont shall gangs of Negroes be driven afield beneath the constellation of the Whip? Shall the click of the planter's revolver, the snap of the overseer's lash, and the clank of the chattel's gyves, be added to the sounds of our Massachusetts forge, and loom, and press, while some meet successor of the insolent and lugubrious Toombs calls the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, and great Warren's statue crimsons through the marble? If that ever happen, farewell, a long farewell to the yearning expectations of mankind! For in the dismal future following, is seen, far away, a horoscope of demoralization, impoverishment, brutality, and rottenness, sinking off into the night. We must prevent that. It is our duty to prevent it. A bottomless damnation awaits us if we do not prevent it. Unquestionably we shall prevent it: although Charles O'Connor *does* stand up in the free city of New York, and say, 'Slavery is just, wise, and beneficent, and ought to be perpetuated.' Indignant ghost of O'Connell, why didst thou not arise, and blast thy recreant countryman? Insulted shades of Curran, Grattan, Emmett, why were ye not invoked to rise and *lay* the renegade Irishman who dared to utter, in the face of a free people, sentiments of such transcendent atrocity!

Secondly, in consequence of the deepening exasperation of feeling, and widening opposition of interest, between the advocates of slavery and its assailants, the Union may be shattered by a fratricidal convulsion, and the question settled by violence. Should such a crisis of desperation arrive, however rent, blackened, drenched the confederacy, there can be no doubt as to the result. The right and the strength and the certain victory are all on one side, where stands the solemn group of the Pilgrims,—Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, John Alden and Priscilla, the Standishes, both Miles and Rose,—pointing down to the group of their great Revolutionary sons—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Henry, Laurens, Rutledge, Jefferson—and both together adjuring us to stand fast in the ranks where they stood, fight valiantly in the cause they fought for, and finish the historic purchase of freedom towards which they paid so heavy an installment!

Can the slaveholder extinguish the North Star, turn back the hand on the dial-plate of time, erase the teachings of history, uneducate the human race, and pluck the moral law from the throne of God? Besieged by the civilized world, four millions of slaves within his camp, God frowning on him, the very air teeming with phantoms and hurtling with invisible weapons to his disordered fancy, what can the Southern despot do, but either, with self-fired petard, hoist his all, or surrender? Let disunion and conflict come,—and the abolition of slavery will be the consequence, as surely as the sun sets. But so long as there is a better way, we do not court that method of the issue. Nor will it come, unless precipitated by the South, drunk with passion. The North desires simply freedom, justice, honor, not disunion. Do not all our Northern politicians boast to sail in the magnetic equator, or line of no dip? But the slaveholders attempt no concealment of their enormous Southern inclination. Our watchword is 'The welfare of the country;' theirs, 'The interests of the South.' It is the South alone that constantly threatens withdrawal, and plots treason. Her governors write it in their messages; her legislators engross it in their records; her congressional delegation speak it in the halls of the capitol; her barbecue orators, great and little, scream it amidst bowie knives and pistols; her newspapers keep it standing in their columns; her mobs yell it as they burn the houses of freemen, ride abolitionists on rails, in coats of tar and feathers, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot schoolmasters before their pupils, drown or hang every man who utters a word for liberty, and shake the star-spangled banner over their coffles of slaves. Unless we stop our opposition to slavery, and yield whatever it demands, I verily believe disunion and civil war will come from the unbridled madness of the South, *if she is permitted to make them come.* It is our duty to prevent them from that quarter. How can we do it?

This brings us to the third and last alternative. We can never cease opposing slavery until it ceases to exist. This the laws of Providence demonstrate. It is fate. The sacred crusade having once begun, must go on to the end. The man who can scan the lessons of history, and then expect the agitating moral power of anti-slavery to withdraw from the field and extinguish itself, is no better than a fool. How, then, can we avert the rending catastrophe? There is but one way clean of blood. The free States, by the legal exercise of their guaranteed rights under the Constitution, must assume the national government, and prevent the disruption of the Union in behalf of slavery, as President Jackson prevented South Carolinian nullification. In the last general election, eleven hundred thousand votes were cast in the slave States, twenty-nine hundred thousand in the free States. Ought we not, then, to have the control of the national government? A slaveholder is unfit to fill any national representative office. Mr. Calhoun was made Secretary of State. How quickly he disgraced the country, and made the cheek of every honorable man in it burn with shame, by flaring an atrocious eulogy of slavery in the eyes of the nations! The civilization of the age, and our own compromised moral sensibility, command us to cry, No slavery propagandist in any governmental place! Let the offices of the country, from that of the president down to that of the tide-waiter, be filled scrupulously with men pledged to the interests of freedom and righteousness, as they are now filled with men generally devoted to the interests of slavery and partizanship, and there will be no further danger of disunion. The gigantic official patronage of the nation will no longer be prostituted to debauch the consciences, and buy the principles of our aspirants. The South, ever eager for offices, will grow considerate, allow the right of free discussion, begin to apprehend the true economical bearings of the question, and seek how to bring herself up to the standard of the rest of the country. And, perhaps, by soon obeying the voice of her brave Helper, and introducing the redemptive force of Northern institutions, she will quietly avert her 'Impending Crisis.' Our last duty, therefore, in the free States, is, by the ballots of a majority of the population, to grasp the government, and administer it fairly in the interests of truth and humanity. In such hands alone will the country be redeemed, and the Union be safe.

The Southern party in the North brand themselves with infamy by the audacious cry they keep up about the disunionist and incendiary spirit of the free-soil voters. They profess to monopolize the civil virtues. All others hate their country and their fellow-men. Precisely the same inversion of the truth was made in the sad early day of our Religion. Nero, in his cruel and crazy frolic of fiddling, set Rome on fire, and then accused the CHRISTIANS of it. And Tacitus says: 'They were convicted less of this crime than of hatred of the human race!' Nero and his pagans loved the human race! Christ and his followers hated the human race! Henry A. Wise and Franklin Pierce love justice, mercy, and mankind! Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier love robbery and murder, and hate mankind! At least, following Tacitus, so teaches the Boston Courier, and the infallibility of that meek journal is well known. I did not know that American patriotism consisted in brawling at corrupt caucuses, screeching fiendishly for the flag, whether right or wrong, living on the public treasury, and threatening to deluge our streets and villages with fraternal blood rather than have that darling supply of salaried pap cut off. I thought patriotism sacrificed selfish interest, that its country might stand pure and honorable among men. I dreamed that the true patriot loved his country so well that he would keep his life clean and his tongue truthful, for her sake.

The slaveholders are steering the ship of state towards a reef. The freedom party wish to turn her into the safe channel. The slaveholders swear if it be done, they will scuttle her. Their northern allies help them to keep her on her fatal course, crying, 'The Republicans mean to sink the ship!' They desire but to rescue the ship from her mad pilots, preserve her from the reef, and guide her to her true haven. And these calumniators know it perfectly well.

The falsely named Conservative party of the North is mainly responsible for the spasms of terror and rage which have recently shot through the South, the fear and hate which, at the apparition of twenty armed men, for forty days and forty nights kept a great State pale and blustering, a half ludicrous, half pitiable spectacle. For that party have assured the South that this poor squad of heroic but misguided adventurers were supported by a large majority of the people of the North, animated by an irrepressible desire for their destruction. Dwelling, as the slaveholders do, in a magazine of explosive elements, no wonder they quake and are filled with rallying wrath when their pretended friends inform them that millions of the people of the free States, with murderous malignity, are fomenting an insurrection among them, and are ready to march to its support with flags and cannon. Did he not know, when he said it, that he was erecting a naked lie huge enough to split any other throat, and virulent enough to blister any other lips?

Listen! 'A part of the pulpit has set up among us a religion of hate, such as belongs only to the condemned devils in hell.' 'A band of drunken mutineers, under the black flag of the pirate, with the death's head fore and aft, have seized the commonwealth, and are about to blow her up, with all she contains.' 'All the political influences dominant here are founded on the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fiendish hate of our fellow-citizens in the Southern States.' This is the soothing message which the Conservative wealth, learning, respectability, and conscience of Massachusetts, in Faneuil Hall assembled, send out to the agitated half of the confederacy, through the immaculate mouth of Caleb Cushing! A more outrageous slander was never uttered. A more inflammatory falsehood was never blown Southward. Caleb, Caleb, was ever the Presidency in this humor wooed? Was ever the Presidency in this humor won?

That meeting in Faneuil Hall was to be condemned because it accused the great majority of Northern voters of a treasonable purpose and a demoniacal sentiment they do not harbor, and are known not to harbor. Our dear and loyal New England stands by the Fathers, the honor, and the duty of America; and whenever confronted with her slave-breeding sisters, conscious of her innocence and good aims, she may proudly say to them, as noble Banquo said to the hags on the heath of Fores, 'I neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate.' That meeting in Faneuil Hall commands not respect, because, stripped of verbiage and disguise, it really expressed but three things, neither of which is moral, or dignified, or deserved such pomp and circumstance of expression. First, it said, timidly, 'Gentlemen of the South, we are frightened, *we will compromise principle for peace;* put your feet on our necks!' Secondly, a little louder, it said, 'Gentlemen of the South, some of us are holders of office, others are candidates for office, *and we want your votes;* put your feet on our necks!' And, thirdly, with a voice like multitudinous waters, it said, 'Gentlemen of the South, *we want your trade and money;* please put your feet on our necks a little more!' Such selfish sycophancy is simply loathsome.

Is not the foreign slave trade carried on by the South at this moment, with impunity, in defiance of the Constitution, in defiance of the civilized world, in defiance of decency, in defiance of God? Does a week pass in which some helpless traveller, pedler, or piano-forte tuner, is not subjected to the cowardly and brutal violence of a Southern mob because he expresses noble principles? Has not the price of five thousand dollars been set on William Lloyd Garrison by the State of Georgia these twenty-eight years past? Did not slaveholder Foote say to a New Hampshire Senator, in session of Congress, 'Visit my constituents, and we will gibbet you on the nearest tree'? Did not the unhappy person who represented South Carolina try to murder a Massachusetts Senator in his seat? Did not slaveholder Davis say in the House of Representatives fourteen days ago,—'Virginia has hung the traitor Brown, and if they get hold of Seward they will hang him'?—hang, simply because he opposes slavery, the illustrious senator who ought to be the next President of the United States. Was not the reward of ten thousand dollars recently offered by responsible persons for the delivery of Joshua Giddings, in the city of Richmond, that a mob might tear and trample him? What have we ever done corresponding to these acts? Caleb Cushing, if we are animated by 'the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fiendish hate,' what, in Heaven's name, must they be animated by?

'No, gentlemen of the South'—thus would a Faneuil Hall meeting, expressing the genuine feeling of the Freedom Party, say—'we do *not* hate you. We feel kindly towards you. We wish you all blessings. The anti-slavery sentiment is nourished by solemn convictions of conscience, allegiance to the welfare of the country, regard to the claims of mankind, and obedience to the will of God; and does not rest and feed on hatred of you. Oh, lay not that flattering unction to your souls! When Virginia sent over the Union her appeal for the relief of pestilence-stricken Norfolk, while from all the other slave States she received only twelve thousand dollars, did we not send her forty-two thousand? You must discriminate the asserted malignity against yourselves, which we do not feel, from the undying hatred we cherish for slavery; an institution which sustains barbarism and mob law is a sure source of strife and danger, destroys the sanctity of the mail, adopts the Austrian passport system, and tends equally to degrade its victims into animals, and to inflame its lords into fiends. Opposed to the iniquities of your *system*, we wish *you* well. We beseech you to refrain from those mobocratic acts, every one of which drives up to the heart, through the warm runnels of our blood, more fervor of anti-slavery conviction than a dozen ethical demonstrations would generate. Violence is a losing game for you, gentlemen! Sowing the wind of border-ruffianism in Kansas, did you not reap the whirlwind of John Brown at Harper's Ferry?—John Brown, the fifth lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock two hundred and thirty-nine years ago to-day! You strangled him, but could not strangle the power of the lessons he taught, nor the ideal shape of splendor which rose from his gallows to hover over the historied continent forever. As friends, we tell you you had better desist from your guilty advocacy. We implore you to put aside the braggadocio attitude and the fillibuster array by which you offend our moral sensibilities, and disgrace us before mankind. We ask you to cause yourselves to be represented in the national councils by your cultivated Christian gentlemen, who will bring grammar in their brains and purity in their hearts; not by your vicious braggarts and fanatics, with butcher knives in their bosoms and revolvers in their pockets. We invite you to grant us our rights as the majority, and fraternally to co-operate with us in prudent measures prospective to emancipation. Do this, and all will be well. But if you obstinately refuse, remember we are stronger than you, are in the right, and shall no longer submit to be driven by you.' *That* is the true voice of the free States.

We hate not the slaveholders. We hate not the Union. But we do hate the sin which thrives in their shadow. And we say to them, 'For God's sake cease to nourish it!' A French naturalist once saw, in the fastnesses of a mountain land, an enormous black serpent coiled at the foot of a cliff on whose summit was an eagle's nest, into which two of the serpent's young had crawled and destroyed the eggs. The eagle, suddenly returning, tore the intruders from his nest, flung them mangled away, and darted on the parent snake. The reptile twisted and struck at its assailant with its fangs. When the contest had continued for some time, the bruised and wearied snake sought to retreat into its hole; but the determined bird, planting himself before the entrance, guarded his body with one wing, while with the other he struck his enemy prostrate, and with one blow of his beak laid its head open—and the conflict was over. We say to slavery, Beware lest by straying beyond your home, and attempting to thrust your offspring into the nest of Public Territory, to suck the unhatched eggs of freedom there, you provoke the assault of the aroused Genius of the Republic!

We are also bound to rescue the general government from the Slave-Power, by the claims of consistency, as well as to prevent the otherwise threatened disunion and war. The inalienable right of every man to the pursuit and enjoyment of the blessings of existence is the basis on which our country properly stands. We flaunt this principle on our great charter, and have proclaimed it to the whole earth. And now to stand up in the face of mankind, and declare that we mean freedom and equality for ourselves, but abject bondage for those in our power, is conduct so flagrant, it is no wonder our moral influence is neutralized, and our name a hissing. America is now represented before the world by that illicit Captain, who, when seized on the deck from which he had ordered two hundred manacled slaves to be hurled overboard in his fight, and beneath which were crowded five hundred more, had in his bosom a bowie-knife, bearing on one side the inscription, 'THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE;' on the other side, 'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU!' If it be not our duty to reverse all this, why then there is no duty. Let us pledge ourselves to discharge the obligation. We can do it. We have nothing to give us distrust, either in Southern propagandists or Northern apologists. The allegiant East affiliating itself with the Middle States, and the generous North West, must put a stop to the fearful demoralization and political degeneracy of the country, and restore the nobler strain of the Fathers. Rescuing the administrative power of the land from its long perversion, and guiding its policy and patronage to issues of righteousness and liberty, the Freedom Party, if they will, can save the country and fulfil the hopes of mankind, showing that not even the most formidable league of falsehood and power can always avail to hide the omnipotence of justice, or

To fetter the Truth as she moves through the world,
With her hand to the sword and her banner unfurled.

Friends, Citizens of the Free States! if we do our duty without flinching, civil strife, bloodshed and ruin will be forever averted. The national conscience will be thoroughly awakened, the public mind illuminated, the common heart touched. The brightening fires of truth and love will burn so intensely and so widely, that all fetters will melt, the collected corruptions of ages be consumed, the country agree with one consent to put an end to this evil thing, and the splendid vision of a Republic realizing the logical consequences of the Declaration of Independence, will emerge on the gaze of the world. Swiftly the time will speed forward when the enjoyment of the prerogatives of humanity shall be the universal birthright, not the purchased privilege, of man. Then, as from the far-off and blackened peaks of the Past, the gathered generations, amid the meteor lights and crimson standards of war, with deadly weapons in their hands, shout across the intervening chasm, '*With a great sum obtained we this freedom,*'—from the green summits of the Present, the congregated multitudes, under the white flags of peace, and in the sweet smile of heaven, with implements of industry and symbols of plenty in their hands, shall cry, in glad and grateful response, '*But we were free-born.*'

☞ The Postmaster at Lynchburg, Va. having notified Mr. Greeley that he must stop sending copies of the *Tribune* to that place, on account of its 'incendiary' character, Mr. Greeley replies as follows:—

MR. POSTMASTER OF LYNCHBURG, VA.—SIR:—I take leave to assure you that I shall do nothing of the sort. The subscribers to the *Tribune* in Lynchburg have paid for their papers; we have taken their money, and shall fairly and fully earn it, according to contract. If *they* direct us to send their papers to some other post office, we shall obey the request; otherwise, we shall send them as originally ordered. If you or your masters choose to steal and destroy them, that is your affair at all events, not ours; and if there is no law in Virginia to punish the larceny, so much the worse for her, and our plundered subscribers. If the Federal Administration, whereof you are the tool, after monopolizing the business of mail carrying, sees fit to become the accomplice and patron of mail robbery, I suppose the outrage must be borne until more honest and less servile rulers can be put into high places at Washington, or till the people can recover their natural right to carry each other's letters and printed matter, asking no odds of the Government. Go ahead in your own base way. I shall stand steadfast for Human Liberty and the Protection of all natural rights. Yours, stiffly,

HORACE GREELEY.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

REMEMBER THE TERMS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS. Those of our subscribers who have not paid for the current year,—that is, from January 1st, 1859, to January 1st, 1860,—are reminded of the standing rule by which their papers will be discontinued after February 1st, 1860, unless payment for the same be previously sent in.

The Financial Committee, in calling attention to the above standing rule, would also ask every subscriber, for the sake of the cause, as well as for the sake of the paper, to do what in him lies to extend the circulation of the *Liberator*, at least to the extent of procuring each one an additional name for our list.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY
SUBSCRIPTION.

The Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion, gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL,
BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞ The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if our country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating our friends to meet us in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and co-operation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both the earlier and later friends. In the mean time, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved, to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letter and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them, for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale: and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose co-operation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription, to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the Cause, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
SARAH P. REMOND,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA ANDREW,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY E. STEARNS.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

☞ The following eloquent and impressive letter to the Editor of the London *News*, from the distinguished French poet, patriot, and exile for Liberty's sake, VICTOR HUGO, will be read by millions with thrilling emotions. All honor to the man!

To the Editor of the London News.

SIR:—When one thinks of the United States of America, a majestic figure rises to the mind—Washington. Now, in that country of Washington, see what is going on at this hour!

There are slaves in the Southern States, a fact which strikes with indignation as the most monstrous of contradictions, the reasonable and freer conscience of the Northern States. These slaves, these negroes, a white man, a free man, one John Brown, wanted to deliver. Certainly, if insurrection be ever a sacred duty, it is against slavery. Brown wished to begin the good work by the deliverance of the slaves in Virginia. Being a Puritan, a religious and austere man, and full of the gospel, he cried aloud to these men—his brothers—the cry of emancipation, 'Christ has set us free!' The slaves, enervated by slavery, made no response to his appeal:—slavery makes deafness in the soul. Brown, finding himself abandoned, fought with a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he fell riddled with bullets; his two young sons, martyrs of a holy cause, dead at his side. This is what is called the Harper's Ferry affair.

John Brown, taken prisoner, has just been tried with four of his fellows—Stephens, Coppic, Green and Copeland. What sort of trial it was, a word will tell.

Brown, stretched upon a truckle bed, with six half-closed wounds—a gun-shot wound in his arm, one in his loins, two in the chest, two in the head—almost bereft of hearing, bleeding through his mattress, the spirits of his two dead sons attending him; his four fellow-prisoners crawling around him; Stephens with four sabre wounds; 'justice' in a hurry to have done with the case; an attorney, Hunter, demanding that it be despatched with sharp speed; a judge, Parker, assenting; the defence cut short; scarcely any delay allowed; forged or garbled documents put in evidence; the witnesses for the prisoner shut out; the defence clogged; two guns loaded with grape brought into the court, with an order to the jailers to shoot the prisoners in case an attempt at rescue; forty minutes' deliberation; three sentences to death. I affirm, on my honor, that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of mankind is an ever-watchful eye. Let the Judge of Charlestown, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slave-holding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia ponder it well: they are seen! They are not alone in the world. At this moment, the gaze of Europe is fixed on America.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day. But news has this instant reached us. A respite is granted him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die. The interval is short. Has a cry of mercy time to make itself heard? No matter. It is a duty to lift up the voice.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble land. The sentiment of humanity is soon quickened among a free people. We hope that Brown may be saved. If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the kings is past, and the day of the people dawns, and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the Attorney Hunter, nor the Judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, we say it, and we think it with a shudder, the whole American republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one reveres the republic, the more heart-sick one feels at such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case federal intervention is a clear right. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes an accomplice. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States associate them with the disgrace of this murder. All of us, whosoever we may be—for whom the democratic cause is a common country—feel ourselves in a manner compromised and hurt. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the incorruptible voices of history would thenceforward testify that the august confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the *fasces* of that splendid republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

This is a bond that kills.

When we reflect on what Brown, the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is a glory of the human race; that—like France, like England, like Germany—she is one of the organs of civilization; that she sometimes even out-marches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress; that she is the queen of an entire world; and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom; we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recoil, horror-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

In a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a secret fissure which would in the end tear it asunder. It is possible that the execution of Brown might consolidate slavery in Virginia, but it is certain that it would convulse the entire American Democracy. You preserve your shame, but you sacrifice your glory.

In a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the light of humanity would be eclipsed; that even the idea of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of Emancipation by Liberty.

As for myself, though I am but an atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, *I kneel in tears before* the great starry banner of the new world, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, sister of the French Republic, to look to the safety of the universal moral law, to save Brown, to throw down the threatening scaffold of the 16th December, and not to suffer that beneath its

PARKER PILLSBURY IN ILLINOIS.

EARLVILLE, La Salle Co., Ill., December 3, 1859.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:—As our beloved friend, Parker Pillsbury, seldom reports his own labors, through the *Liberator*, nor indeed elsewhere, so far as I know, I have felt it a duty (until now neglected) incumbent upon myself to give you some account of his visit and labors in this place in October last, on his return from Dunleith, Wisconsin, where he had been to see some of his family connexions.

I need not say that it was an occasion, with us, as rare as unexpected; and that especially 'me and my house' have never enjoyed a more 'blessed season' than during his three days' sojourn among us. The pleasure and benefit of friend P's rare social and conversational qualities by the fireside, were only excelled by those conferred by his three transcendent intellectual and oratorical efforts before the public. To those acquainted with Parker Pillsbury, it will not seem like exaggeration to say, that before an audience under favorable circumstances in his greatest moments, 'he has no parallel except himself.' It is only men of decided genius, whose intellectual range is so wide, and at the same time so minute, who in speaking extemporaneously many times in succession upon the same theme, do not find it impossible to avoid frequently repeating the same thoughts, as well as the same illustrations and figures of speech. And I am well aware that it is bestowing the highest praise, when I say that Mr. Pillsbury rarely, if ever, in his public addresses, though constantly on the rostrum, repeats a thought in the same dress. I have travelled with him on a lecturing tour, and have listened to his speeches every day for weeks together, and have been astonished to hear, in every successive effort, a fresh speech, and could scarcely have been more interested and benefitted in listening to a succession of new speakers of the first class. And what is as rare, as it is necessary to the highest success, in extempore speaking, is, that what Mr. P. says, the thoughts as well as the illustrations seem to be quite as new and deeply interesting to himself, as to his audience; which could not be the case if he worked up old speeches into new ones. Mr. P. is always in earnest; what he says comes from his heart, and is sure to reach the hearts of his listeners. He is unlike any of his contemporaries in his style of oratory, as well as in his method of treating his subject. He never arranges a speech beforehand, never depends in the least upon artificialities, or 'studied contrivances of speech,' never introduces anything which smells of the lamp, or suggests an ostentatious display of learning, but always speaks wholly *extempore*; and yet never appears to lack a fresh and an appropriate *illustration*, either imaginative, classical, or scientific.

Mr. P. is not an amusing speaker. He does not amuse, but deeply interests his audience, and stirs up the depths of the feelings and conscience, and awakens and arouses the utmost powers of the intellect and the imagination; and by his ability and faithfulness, calls out the fiercest opposition to, or the most earnest endorsement of, his views. He is sometimes, perhaps often, charged with being harsh and uncharitable, but such charges are false, and are made by those who misunderstand or intentionally misrepresent him. No man living is more mild and genial in spirit, or more fair and candid in argument, than he. It is not because he does not, but because he does, speak the truth with effect that he meets with opposition, and is misunderstood.

All good great men, from Jesus to John Brown, have been misunderstood, and of necessity will continue to be misunderstood, whenever they appear on the stage. Men understand and generally applaud only what is on the plane, or below the plane they occupy themselves, but misunderstand and generally denounce what is above and superior to themselves.

But I did not take my pen to draw a portrait of friend Pillsbury, which others have often done, and can do with far more skilful hands than I can, and doubtless much more satisfactorily to himself and the public. Therefore I will stop short, whatever I have already done or left undone.

Friend P. spoke three times in Earville, on three successive evenings, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As every body knew him, by reputation at least, every body went to hear him, if from no other motive, out of mere curiosity. Mr. Pillsbury never can have done more honor to himself as an anti-slavery orator than he did on these occasions. Each lecture 'was complete in one volume,' as the publishers say, embracing the whole field of Anti-Slavery reform. I have never listened to three abler or more effective anti-slavery efforts, and I do not expect soon to do so again.

Freedom of discussion was invited, if any one felt disposed to correct or controvert any statement or position of the speaker. The last evening, a pious Presbyterian red-haired Dutch school-master entered the lists, backed by a renegade Methodist minister, who, I have heard it said, divides his time between preaching, horse-stealing, and hunting 'niggers.' The school-master said he agreed generally with Mr. P., but thought it very improper to use such language as 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' which he said he was confident had 'a vulgar origin.' Mr. P. enlightened him as to the origin of the 'vulgar sentence' referred to, much to the merriment of the audience, and the discomfiture of the *well red*, but 'awful green' knight of the ferule. The preacher, &c., made a great fuss about Mr. P's 'abuse of Washington,' as he called it. Mr. P. inquired if he had said any thing at all of Washington, except that he signed the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793? It was admitted that he had not; but then the noisy fellow went on a long time to make 'much ado about nothing,' greatly to the amusement of Mr. P., as well as of his audience, which, it being late, dispersed while the poor man was in the very belly of his inflated harangue.

Yesterday, Dec. 2d, was observed in all the principal cities of Northern Illinois and Wisconsin by appropriate services, such as prayer-meetings, speaking, the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, &c. Never yet, in this country, has the public heart been so generally and so deeply moved as by sympathy for John Brown. Never was there such an anti-slavery revival as now. Never have words been spoken so eloquent, so laden with power, in the slave's behalf, as those which have come from the martyr John Brown; and never before has an anti-slavery lecturer had such an audience! John Brown has multiplied himself ten-thousand fold by his glorious death!

The feeling produced throughout the West by the noble deeds, nobler words and noblest death of John Brown, is strikingly akin to that which was produced throughout England by the perfidious attempt of Charles to impeach Hampden, Pym and Hollis before the House of Lords, which speedily resulted in bringing the head of the tyrant to the block, and in placing Cromwell virtually upon the throne. A desire is expressed on every hand to avenge the death of this noble martyr to liberty. Burning words of denunciation are muttered by laborers and mechanics, who take no general interest in public affairs. Cool, conservative Democrats are willing 'to join an army to wipe out slavery, or die in the attempt.'

What outward substantial form this universal sympathy for John Brown will take, it is impossible to predict with certainty. But one thing is certain from all history, that when the great mass of common humanity 'begin to growl and mow,' woe to the tyrants who have roused their vengeance!

A. J. GROVER.

☞ A few colored people of Simcoe, Canada West, have sent $3 to aid the families of John Brown and his fellow sufferers. This proves that those who fly from American oppression can not only support themselves, but, though poor, can give something to aid others.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

PETERBORO', (N. Y.) Dec. 11, 1859.

MR. GARRISON:

On looking over the *Liberator* of the last week, I saw an article, copied from the Boston *Post*, containing the following most terrible threat, that 'the Democrats of New England intend to live under the Constitution, maintain this Union, and protect Southern rights and Southern men; and they will do it, if need be, with arms in their hands'!

Well, we are not much scared yet. Did the warlike editor of the *Post* ever happen to think this arming and fighting was a game that *two* could play at? Of this, however, I think he and his compeers, North and South, may be assured—that among the freemen of the North, *the child's play is over!* and they must not dream that the abolitionists of the future are to be the patient, long-forbearing creatures of the past. The lesson these braggadocios should have learned years ago must be taught them now. The abolitionists ought, years ago, to have done what events now *oblige* them to do, viz: arm themselves fully, and repel any and every attack upon their rights. Had they done this years ago, when their meetings were broken up, and their halls and homes burned, one half of the outrages they have suffered would have been avoided, and the insolence of the Slave Power, North and South, would never have reached its present gigantic proportions.

Two thousand armed Virginians stood aghast at John Brown and his seventeen brave men, the long day through, at Harper's Ferry; but twenty-five hundred men, thoroughly armed with artillery and cavalry, after days and nights of trepidation, succeeded in murdering the chained old man on the gallows! There's courage for you! Aint you scared now, O abolitionists!

The fact is, the Slave Power, North and South, is cowardly. Brooks did not dare to assault Sumner until he knew he was unarmed, and then not till Wilson and others had left the hall, and even then he did not till he knew that Keith, with pistol in hand, was at his elbow; and we all remember how he backed out when the brave little Burlingame, God bless him! gave him a warm invitation to a little rifle practice in Canada.

Moreover, so far as I know, *not a single poor fugitive slave has yet been taken under the Fugitive Slave Act who was known to be armed, and ready to use his weapons!*—and since the fugitive slave learned Gorsuch that beautiful lesson at Christiana, Pa., slave-hunting has been considered rather a risky business. Why, after Knight and Hughes obtained their writ for the arrest of the Crafts, the United States marshal, with fear and trembling, refused to serve it. No threats or persuasions could induce him to visit the house of Lewis Hayden, who so nobly sheltered the fugitives. Why? Because he *knew* that Crafts and his friends were all armed, and would, beyond doubt, defend themselves. He knew that the road to hell lay over Lewis Hayden's threshold; and the cost to him would be rather more than the Slave Power would be ready to make up to him; and so the Crafts remained quietly, and when they got ready, they went to England.

Twenty-five years ago or more, Gerrit Smith and his friends had their meeting broken up, and were driven out of Utica by a fierce mob. They adjourned to Peterboro', and the mob threatened to follow; but in an hour or two after the news of the violence reached Peterboro', sixty good men, well armed and ready for action, stood in line on Peterboro' Green, (they would come in thousands now,) but they did not come, not they!

Men will *blow* for slavery, will *lie* for slavery, will creep in the dust and lick the spittle from the feet of the slaveholder, for office and emolument; but, after twenty-five years of close observation, I have never yet seen the man who was willing to DIE for slavery! for, after that little event takes place, all chance for wealth and office is supposed to cease; and there is 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation,' which is not a pleasant prospect generally to professed politicians and supporters of human slavery.

For these reasons, we may not feel a great deal of alarm at the belligerent demonstrations of the *Post*, and the poor trembling slaveholders should not put much confidence in the declaration of their Northern friends of their readiness to 'fight for slavery.' The *very selfishness* which makes the Democrat of the North the pimp of the Slave Power, simply for what he can make out of it, will ever induce him to keep his precious carcass out of the way of a rifle ball.

The slaveholders of the entire South are in great alarm; they certainly do not at all exaggerate the ceuses of alarm. These are but the first drops of the storm—their first draught from that 'cup of trembling' which God always presents to the lips of the oppressor. Let them drain it to the dregs!

It must be fun alive to you in Boston to see the gathering of the fossils in Faneuil Hall, 'to stop the agitation.' I expect to see the stony 'trilobites' of the lower strata wag their stony old tails yet!

Has Everett forgotten how he failed, years ago, to get the Legislature of Massachusetts to indict some of you agitators for talking about slavery? Cannot even a *fossil* learn by experience? Look back, good editor of the Boston *Post*, look back through your files, and see the amount of ink and venom you have in past years wasted, yes, absolutely *wasted*, on Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and the Anti-Slavery Cause, and don't try it any more.

And the Faneuil Hall meeting! We remember the Faneuil Hall meeting, more than twenty-five years ago, when Lovejoy died at Alton, when Austin, the Attorney General, said, 'Lovejoy died as the fool diedh,' and when the youthful Phillips, in that hour of darkness, sprang upon the platform, and bade 'the pictured lips of the heroes above him break their silence, and rebuke the recreant American!' He called upon the earth to 'yawn and swallow him!' The Slave Power in Boston never yet recovered the blow that fair-haired, brave young man gave it, on that night. To-day he is ripe and strong, and perfectly imbedded in the hearts not only of the people of Masschusetts, but of all the Free States, and a nation pauses to listen when he speaks. Will the denunciations of the *Post* or the Union-savers at Faneuil Hall harm him now? Surely not.

And the agitation. If they could not stop it a quarter of a century ago, can they hope to quell it now? Then, only a few thunder-clouds loomed along the horizon; now, the storm is up, and the heavens are black with clouds! Can they dissipate the tempest by Union-saving resolutions, or threats of fighting, etc.? The storm now up will *never* abate till slavery is in the dust! So let the last great struggle come, and God defend the Right!

Yours, truly, G. W. P.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

PROTEST BY DR. HARRIOT K. HUNT.

To FREDERICK U. TRACY, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the city of Boston, and the citizens generally:

Your remonstrant, in the compulsory payment of her taxes for the current year, protests with increased earnestness against the infringement of that article of the Constitution which declares that there shall be no taxation without representation.

Now, at this period of conflict between liberty and oppression, this month of human sacrifice, the taxpaying woman, ignored in representation, fully recognized in taxation, still protests against supplying the treasury with means to sustain laws, and encourage extravagances, which violate her perceptions of justice. This is respectfully submitted.

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

Boston, Forefathers' Day, 22d Dec., 1859.

THE END APPROACHING.

DEAR GARRISON:

Your work will soon be done; your life-labor is near its consummation. Virginia has done a deed that has but one parallel in the world's history. The sacrifice of John Brown is a striking reproduction of the tragedy on Calvary, by which the name of Jew became a loathing and hissing among all nations unto this day. VIRGINIAN! God be thanked I am not a Virginian! The Calvary sacrifice sealed the doom of a nation older, stronger and wiser than the 'mother of Presidents.' If like causes produce like effects, the end of the Charlestown butchery is not yet. Eighteen hundred years of civilization and Christianity have brought us back to Pilate's judgment hall, with all the mockery of trial,—Wise with his men of war, and the maniac multitude clamorously thirsting for the victim's blood,—all has been most vividly re-enacted in the martyrdom of Brown. The pen of history has recorded both transactions, and the one is as imperishable as the other. 'His blood be upon us and upon our children,' cried the Jew; 'His blood be upon us and on our children,' responds Virginia. The prayer of the Jew has been answered; *now* let the Slave Power read, and, if possible, understand. We can hardly be reconciled to the fact, that we are living in the nineteenth century of the Christian religion. Vinet, an able Christian writer, says, 'Even now, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we may be involved in some enormous error, of which the Christianity of the future will make us ashamed.' The second of December shows clearly that we are involved in some enormous error, or scenes so full and running over with devilism could never transpire. I cannot find half the mitigating circumstances for Virginia that can be found for Jerusalem. The Jew acted under the profound conviction that the worship of the true God was at stake. Virginia had no such conviction, but feared lest the black hell of nameless atrocities should be thrown open, and the imprisoned and tortured escape. It will be hardly worth while to call upon the D.D.'s of this sin-fostering and man-killing religion to review and reverse their creeds. As well might Peter and John have called upon the Sanhedrim to re-read, with greater care, Moses and the prophets. They would have been answered with curses and jeers, and we should be answered with jeers, if not with curses—'Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?' Nay, gentlemen, we do not presume to teach you; we have not lost our common sense so far as to engage in a task so hopeless. We do not expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. We still say this, however—the martyrdom of John Brown would never have been recorded had Christianity been the religion of the country. Every precept within the lids of the New Testament forbids the act, yet ye knowingly suffered in silence the consummation of that foul deed of darkness and blood. Ye suffered sin upon your brother—the slaveholder—by allowing him, without a word of warning, to bring blood-guiltiness upon his soul. For all this, you must give an account to the coming ages.

What if we do not approve the overt act of John Brown—does the Christian religion require that one wrong should be met by a much greater wrong?—Here and there, we *now* hear a few notes of clerical disapprobation; but it is the long silent man in the heart that speaks, not the priest—it is the voice of nature, struggling to free itself from the meshes of a false theology—a religion, stupid and barbarous. I would not waste a single penful of ink in discussing the merits of a religion that tolerates in silence the horrible system of American Slavery. We dispose of the whole subject in a single sentence—'It is *earthly, sensual, devilish.*' I come, therefore, to the conclusion, that the less any man has to do with such a religion, the better. Humanity has little to hope from it; and the sooner it takes its place among those who go down to the sides of the pit, the sooner will the world breathe freely. I speak of a slaveholding and man-killing religion—not of the Bible, nor the principles it teaches. Were the book allowed to utter its voice, it would honor its author, and cover the evil-doer with eternal shame and confusion of face.

It is astonishing how far theologians—from the days of Origen down—have succeeded in blotting out the common sense of mankind, and fastening on the mind the most monstrous notions respecting the Almighty, making Him a prominent party to the blackest crimes. There is something so shocking in this, that the mind sickens at the thought, and turns away in utter loathing from the whole system. We are in great danger of becoming Atheists, in head and heart, when we are told by the sober and sanctified, that Slavery exists by the appointment of God, for some good and wise purpose, and that we sin when we interfere with his decrees. If all the men that ever wore a black coat and white neck-tie should tell me it is of God, I should reply, in the language of John Brown to the slaveholding minister, 'I worship a different God from yours.'

Theologians have yet to learn that an age of restitution is to follow the present, though the fact is taught by almost every writer in the Book;—an age wherein the wrong-doer must restore to the uttermost farthing, or perish forever from a Universe that he has dishonored and polluted. But, theology has found a panaces for the troubled conscience, by transferring guilt to the account of the innocent. I should not be at all surprised if some Solon should yet discover that John Brown died for the sins of the slaveholder. He certainly died on account of their guilt. Their sins made him a curse; 'for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree.' But for the sins of slaveholders, John Brown would never have died a malefactor's death. He died that they might live, and they may truthfully say, 'By his death we are saved.' It is the salvation of a respite:—would to God they might understand! Almost every passage applied to Christ, as suffering death for the sins of others, may be truthfully applied to John Brown. Would it be anything wonderful, then, if, after fifty years, we should find Brown churches all over the South? The colored race can say at this moment, 'He died for us'—and soon they may add, 'By his stripes we are healed.'

I have said that your work is nearly done. God grant that, in joy and peace, you may live long to rejoice over the fruit of your self-sacrificing labors! I may say something hereafter of the 'enormous error' contained in our present type of Christianity.

Yours for the truth,

DRUMGOOL.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

Demonstration of the Colored Citizens of Detroit, Michigan, in favor of Captain John Brown, on Friday evening, Dec. 2d, 1859.

Pursuant to previous notice, a densely crowded meeting of colored citizens convened at the Second Baptist Church, Chrogan Street. The meeting was called to order by Wm. Lambert, who briefly referred to the solemn event of the day as the cause of the meeting. He then introduced the evening's exercises, according to the following programme:—Prayer by Rev. Wm. Webb; reading IX. Psalm by Rev. A. R. Green; music—'Ode to Captain John Brown,' by Prof. Martin and Thompson; religious and anti-slavery character of Brown, by Rev. Messrs. Anderson and Green; music—'Daughter of Zion'—by Liberty songsters; Brown's Christian fortitude, by Rev. Wm. Webb; music—'Might speed the right'—by the Liberty songsters.

The religious exercises now being over, Mr. George H. Parker, President of the Old Captain John Brown Liberty League, took the chair. The meeting then assumed a more deliberative and revolutionary character; whereupon Wm. Lambert presented and read the following Declaration of Sentiment and resolves, which were enthusiastically received:—

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENT.

Whereas, we the oppressed portion of this community, many of whom have worn the galling chain, and felt the smarting lash of slavery, and know by sad experience its brutalizing effects upon both the body and the mind, and its damning influence upon the soul of its victim; and,

Whereas, we, by the help of Almighty God, have been enabled to make our escape from the prison-house of slavery, and partially to obtain our liberty; and having become personally acquainted with the life and character of our much beloved and highly esteemed friend, Captain John Brown, and his band of valiant men, who, at Harper's Ferry, on the 16th day of October, 1859, demonstrated to the world his sympathy with and fidelity to the cause of the suffering slaves of this country, by bearding the hydra headed monster in its den, freely delivering up his life, to-day, as a ransom for our enslaved race; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hold the name of Captain John Brown in the most sacred remembrance, as the first disinterested martyr who, upon the true Christian principles of his divine Lord and Master, has freely delivered up his life for the liberty of our race in this country. Therefore will we ever venerate his character, and regard him as our temporal redeemer whose name shall never die.

Resolved, That as the long lost rights and liberties of an oppressed people are only gained in proportion as they act in their own cause; therefore are we now loudly called upon to arouse to our own interest, and to concentrate our efforts in keeping the Old Brown Liberty Ball in motion; and thereby continue to kindle the fires of liberty upon the altar of every determined heart among us.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Captain John Brown in their sad bereavement, and pledge to them that they shall ever be held by us as our special friends, in whose welfare we hope ever to manifest a deep interest.

After the reading of the Declaration, the 'Marseilles Hymn' was sung, with soul-stirring effect. Able and eloquent speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Anderson, Green, Webb, and John D. Richards. After a general expression upon the Declaration, it was

Resolved, That the several colored churches be dressed in mourning for thirty days, and that an appointment be made for the preaching of the funeral sermon of our much beloved friend, John Brown, within that time.

Rev. Mr. Webb, from the finance committee, reported that the League had twenty-five dollars on hand, ready to send to Mrs. Brown, which would be forwarded to her.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be presented to the city papers for publication, and that copies be sent to the several Anti-Slavery papers throughout the country, requesting them to publish the same. Adjourned to meet on Friday evening, the 16th inst., the choir singing the patriotic song—'On, on, to battle—we fear no foe'—&c.

G. HANNIBAL PARKER, *Pres. O. C. J. B. L. L.*
WILLIAM LAMBERT, *Chr. P. A. C.*

'JOHN BROWN' IS DEAD!

'He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle.' The rope with which Virginia strangled the old man to death was the result of slave labor. Slavery has at last put its iron grip upon the throat of Liberty. The Vulture and Eagle have met. The Eagle fell, but amid the stormy splendor, soared again to gaze upon the Morning Star of Liberty in a world of peace, where the monarch merchant and mendicant slave are equal before the throne of God, and the strifes of tyrant scease. The 'gallows' of noble and patriotic Virginia has done its barbarous work, but the great principle written by Nature on the heart of John Brown will survive the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' His name will echo in every slave-hovel in the more than arctic midnight confines of Slavery, and the motive of his action will illumine every heart like the blaze of a million beacons. While the hearts of Virginia as coward soldiery quaked with fear, he smiled on their 'bristling steel,' and bore their gibes and jeers with heroic fortitude. His thoughts are 'thoughts that breathe,' and his 'words will burn' in the breast of all honest men, when the ashes of the soldier's camp-fires shall be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and those who built them forgotten; for 'Man cannot hide what God would reveal.' The oppressor for every broken law will feel the retributive power of insulted justice.

'The vote that shakes the turrets of the land,
The freemen will cast with unpurchased hand,'

and that which to-day is denounced as criminal before the law, will be the Golden Rule of life; and the 'sad music of humanity' will cease, and our country be the 'Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.'

In defence of Liberty, four millions of slaves will fill the rank and file, and redress the accumulated infamy which ages have heaped upon their forefathers. It will be no 'tea-party sizzle,' or Harper's Ferry bubble; for the indomitable spirit of John Brown will go before them, like a 'pillar of fire by night,' and light them to the proud eyrie where the eagle now dreams in her nest. One scream from her now strangled throat, and every slave would be a tiger in his den, thirsting for blood, and the 'pound of flesh' alone would cancel the deep damning wrong they seek to revenge. The North would have no voice in this; it would be the oppressor and the oppressed; and the beauties of 'disunion' would be seen and felt, and the South be heard to exclaim, 'God save the United States of America!' not the institution of Slavery.

John Brown failed for the hour, but success will grow out of the rashness of his act. The South have sown the seeds of discord broad-cast among the slaves: those who 'sow the wind will reap the whirlwind'; the wrath of God will overtake the wicked, and the 'Green Bay Tree' will flourish, when they shall have all fallen, and gone down to their dishonored resting place.

S. E.

JOHN BROWN.

Martyrdom was not the creation or the making of the character of John Brown of Pottowottomie memory, more especially of Harper's Ferry note. It was but the blossom of a life intent upon the liberation of those that are in bondage. The scaffold was the place of ascension of a brave, truthful, liberty-loving old man. His madness against oppression drove him rashly upon it.

His execution was the Virginia stamp—her seal of his enmity to her cherished institution, robbery of human freedom. The scaffold has raised and elevated his memory to the notice of the humane world. In the most obscure and hidden places, however distant, men of reflection and feeling, love and hope, will visit in thought this scene of scenes, and dwell much upon it.

His death was a two-fold birth—the one immortal, into the world of light, the eternal abode of the spirit; the other, the spirit of his life, the essence of his actions, his historical nature, into the hearts of philanthropists the world over, where it will be cradled and cherished from generation to generation, far away adown the stream of time.

We behold his image of kindness and compassion, of truth and firmness, overhanging old Virginia, that never tires in steps of oppression, a bright and shining contrast to the Virginian character of oppression and despotism. Whenever the memory of this brave old spirit is excited within us, we shall see the dark outlines of Virginian character, policy and laws, her institution of oppression of a poor and weak race of God's people in its accursedness. May this awaken old Virginia to a sense of human rights, to progress, to her own higher interests, to a higher destiny!

P. P. P.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN DACOTAH CITY.—HIS RESCUE BY THE MOB.—Our usually quiet city was thrown into a state of intense excitement on Wednesday evening last. A Mr. Peter Durand, hailing from Alabama, made his appearance in this place about ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and took rooms at the Bates House. During the afternoon he walked down towards the river, and returned back again about five o'clock, having in charge William Phillips, a colored man, otherwise known as nigger Bill, and who, it is contended, has resided at Sergeant's Bluffs—a town directly opposite here on the Iowa side of the river—for nearly three years past. Durand claimed that the negro was his property, having escaped from him little better than a year ago; and having the proper papers obtained the assistance of Deputy Marshal Crockwell, in effecting his arrest. The negro at the time he was taken was on a sand-bar in the river, in company with Captain Hollman, engaged in procuring a load of driftwood. The Marshal brought the negro to the Bates House, and was strenuously urged by Durand to proceed directly to Omaha. To this the Marshal would not assent; nor would the citizens allow the negro to go one step further until an examination into the matter was had. The negro obtained the services of Judge Lockwood. Some others were running here and there, drumming up the 'friends of liberty,' and adjuring them, by all they held sacred, to resist any attempt to remove the negro, even to the bitter end. But the citizens promptly frowned down all demonstrations of mob violence. Quiet apparently was restored to the place, when an armed mob, from Sergeant's Bluffs, entered the town, and surrounded the hotel. This was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the first intimation our citizens had of their presence was a formal demand for the negro. After consulting together for a few moments, they announced themselves willing to abide the result of an examination, and to 'let the law have its course,' but insisted that the trial should take place immediately. Durand felt confident of establishing his claim to the negro, and, believing they would offer no serious obstructions to a fair investigation, consented to the arrangement. When all things were ready, the Marshal, in whose charge the negro remained, started with Bill for the Commissioner's office. He had hardly reached the open air when he was seized by a number of stalwart fellows, and the negro torn from his grasp by force. The latter then started for the river, through the darkness, on a keen run.—*Dacotah (Nebraska) Herald of Dec. 17th.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

OSAWATOMIE, Kansas, Dec. 15th, 1859.

Editors of the Missouri Democrat:

Report, of a reliable character, says that a man named Bell, living on Mulberry Creek, in Bates county, Missouri, stated he had lost a negro, and had heard of him near Osawatomie, in Kansas. He employed a Mr. Bennett and Mr. Brown to go with him in pursuit of said negro. The three started from West Point, Missouri, about the 7th inst., and returned the 9th. They reported that they stopped at a house to stay all night in the vicinity where the negro was hidden.

Capt. Snyder, hearing of them and their business, raised a company, consisting of several white men and the negro in question, and repaired to the house, where the hunters were. The negro first entered the house. The master spoke to him, calling him by name. The negro said that was not his name—that his name was Bob—that he was a free negro from Virginia. The company then rushed into the house, and made the three men prisoners, and told them they intended to hang them. My informant says, that after they had taken them out of the house, rope in hand, some distance, and calling a halt, stripped the overcoat off the master and put it on the negro; also, took the pistols of the master, and belted them on the negro. They also took the hat of the darkey, and put it on the head of one of the invaders, and mounted the negro on his master's horse. They then told them they would let them go, provided they would pay the expenses of the war. After having stripped them of horses and equipage, they required some money to pay contingent expenses.

The owner of the slave presented them fifty dollars, and asked them if that would do. The captain remarked that would be sufficient. They hired a carriage, and reached West Point on the evening of the 9th. One of them reached home beheaded, as he did not choose to wear the negro's hat. J. C. H. S.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.—The alleged contentment of Southern slaves was somewhat strangely manifested by the actions of a slave in Tennessee, who recently ran away from his master, and when pursued and overtaken, placed his head on his breast, and told his pursuers they might shoot him, but he would not surrender. The Nashville ... of December 24th, relates the incident:—

'One day last week a ... belonging to Mr. S. F. Glass, ... county, was discovered in an obscure ... of Mr. Wm. E. DeMoss, near Tank, ... it being known that he was a desperate character, a party of three or four gentlemen went ... him. Upon their approach to his place of ... the negro came out and assumed a defiant ... They ordered him to surrender, but, placing his hand on his breast, he told them he would as lief die there as elsewhere. They leveled their guns at him, and told him that if he attempted to draw a weapon, he should be instantly killed. He did not, therefore, draw any weapon, but persistently refused to surrender. Before taking him, they were compelled to shoot him, producing slight wounds in his arm and leg. When captured, it was discovered that he was armed with a Colt's revolver and a large bowie-knife. He stoutly refused to tell where he got the arms, or who furnished him with the provisions found in his hiding place. Dr. DeMoss sent him, in charge of his overseer, to his master.'

GOV. WISE'S ADDRESS TO THE RETURNED MEDICAL STUDENTS.—In his address, delivered at Richmond on the 22d, to the two hundred medical students returned from Philadelphia, Gov. Wise defined his position in the present aspect of affairs. He does not propose disunion, but is in favor of beating back abolition invaders, and chasing them and their aiders and abettors into Canada. He would have Virginia make herself truly independent of the Northern States by internal enterprise. He has no doubt, for instance, that medical science can be as well taught in Richmond as in Philadelphia, and adds—'Let us have science of our own; let us have arts of our own; let us have manufactures of our own; let us have trade of our own; let us have ships of our own; let us always be self-reliant and self-dependent.' He would excite a home market for Virginia oysters and Virginia coal. He says if he had had at his command in Hampton Roads a long, low, rakish, well armed steamer, he would have placed her on the Newfoundland banks with orders that if she found a British packet with the negro Fred. Douglass on board, to take him and convey him to Virginia, there to be hung, regardless of anything England might think, say, or do about it. Virginia having become independent by the development of her own natural resources and skill, he would arm the people and demand of the North the repeal of the statutes which are hostile to the constitutional rights of the South. He would say to the Northern States—'You shall quit warring upon us;' and, above all, he would call upon the President of the United States to demand of England that she should not suffer her Canadian possessions to be used as a place of refuge for violators of the laws of the South, and the disturbers of her peace.

ATTACK BY A PARTY OF NEGROES.—ST. LOUIS, December 29th.—Last night the citizens of Bolivar were terribly frightened by an attack made by a gang of negroes upon a party of white men in the public square.

The whites finally rallied and drove the negroes into the woods, where they were kept at bay, threatening, however, to burn the town before morning.

Several negroes were subsequently captured, and committed to prison. The citizens appointed a vigilance committee, and a mounted company are ranging the woods in search of the negroes.

Several negroes have been severely punished. The citizens had all armed, anticipating a more serious attack, but at last accounts the excitement had somewhat subsided.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.—We hear it intimated that Wendell Phillips will be summoned to Washington to testify before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee of the U. S. Senate. Mr. Phillips, however, has publicly stated that he had no knowledge whatever of the plans of John Brown in his Virginia invasion.—*Boston Traveller.*

CAPTAIN 'WALKER' OF THE WANDERER.—It appears, according to advices received by the Arago, that Capt. George 'Walker,' alias David Martin, of the slave yacht Wanderer, who was deserted by his officers and crew while on board a French barque with four of his men, has been landed at Teneriffe.

SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA.—The bill for the prohibition of slavery in Nebraska, which passed the lower branch of their Territorial Legislature by a vote of 21 to 17, has been defeated in the Council by a vote of 7 to 6. It was introduced chiefly for buncomb, it is said, as there are not over a half dozen slaves in the Territory, and these are all house servants.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—Mr. Grover, on the 13th, introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky a resolution instructing the Representatives and Senators from that State in Congress, to urge upon the treaty-making power of the Government the necessity of inserting in the treaty of 1842 a provision making the rendition of fugitives from labor equally binding upon Great Britain with that of those from justice. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

☞ A severe accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Galitzen, Va., on Thursday, which resulted in the death of Edward Riley and Bernard Blake. They were walking on the track, and were struck by a passing train. The remains of both were so shockingly mutilated, that it was impossible to say to which the different fragments belonged, and they were consequently placed together in a coffin prepared for the purpose.

☞ Among the signers for the Union meeting to be held in Haverhill—which is understood to be a bid for the Southern shoe trade—is the name of the man who presided at a meeting in the same town to raise funds for John Brown's family.

☞ It is stated that under the late decision of Postmaster General Holt, Mr. Jesse Thorn, Postmaster at New-Market, Middlesex County, New Jersey, has decided that Abolition documents, and especially Helper's *Impending Crisis*, shall not be delivered from his office.

☞ The Legislature of Virginia, by a joint resolution, has accepted the flag presented to that Commonwealth by the citizens of Philadelphia, receiving it as a renewal of the evidence of its heroic donors' devoted patriotism.

☞ Bartholomew Conner was killed on Saturday night, in Bergen cut, New Jersey, by being run over by a train of cars. He attempted to cross the track in front of the train.

FREE NEGROES IN TENNESSEE. Hon. John C. Catron has written to the Nashville *Union and American* a letter, protesting earnestly against the proposed legislation of Tennessee, to exclude free negroes from that State. Judge Catron, it will be remembered, is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

☞ A bill is before the Minnesota Legislature, the object of which is to prevent the immigration and settlement of free negroes in that State. Also, resolutions condemning the Harper's Ferry conspirators, and their attempt to incite servile insurrection, and affirming allegiance to the Constitution and the Union.

☞ The Richmond *Whig* says:—

'If Virginia and the South can't be saved, without being Democratically saved, they both may be damned to all eternity, so far as we and the Southern Opposition generally are concerned.'

☞ Among the acts passed by the Legislature of Georgia, which adjourned the 16th inst., was one to prohibit the *post mortem* manumission of slaves, and another to abolish the public execution of criminals.

☞ It has been decided, by the Republican National Committee, that their party's National Convention shall meet on the 13th of June, 1860, at Chicago.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 2.

A meeting was held here to-night in commemoration of the execution of John Brown. Over 5000 people were present. Able addresses were made by D. R. Tilden, R. P. Spalding, C. H. Langston, A. G. Riddle, and Reverend Messrs. J. C. White, W. H. Brewster, Crooks and H. W. Torbey. Resolutions were adopted, and the hall was dressed in mourning.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still great alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market

THE LIBERATOR.

JOHN BROWN MEETING AT FLORENCE, MASS.

On Friday evening, Dec. 2d, a meeting was held in Florence, to express the feelings of the people in relation to the execution of John Brown, and to contribute in aid of his family and those of his companions. It was well attended, and conducted without formal organization. When the people were generally assembled, C. C. BURLEIGH said he supposed it was understood by all, what the object of the meeting was, as the notice which had called us together had informed them. We wish a free expression of the sentiments felt by the people in this region, in relation to this event which has taken place to-day,—the death of one of the noblest men the country has produced; a martyr to liberty; a martyr to his conscience—to his faithful obedience to what he believed to be the divine will. There is no need of any formality here to-night, but every one present, according to the custom of this place, is free to give utterance to such remarks as may seem to him best. As many of you are aware, from having been present, a very well attended, and very interesting meeting was held in Northampton this afternoon, where many gave utterance to their feelings, and adopted a series of resolutions, expressing the sentiments of the meeting in regard to John Brown and his companions, and recommending a contribution in aid of their bereaved families. I will read these resolutions to be adopted, or not to be, as you see fit, before we close. By way of giving substantial proof of sympathy with those bereaved families, a collection, as recommended, was taken up, amounting to about $44. One will also be taken up here, to give opportunity to those who had not the means to give at that time, and those who were not at this afternoon's meeting, to make such contributions as they see fit.

Mr. Burleigh here read the resolutions; also a poem by David Barker, Esq., of Exeter, Maine, published in the *Liberator* of December 2d.

Mr. Burleigh said that when slaveholders talk about dissolving the Union, and setting up a separate government, it would be well for them to look at this invasion of Harper's Ferry. Virginia has raised 2,500 men to guard the place of John Brown's execution. Now, any where else but in a slaveholding State, this would not be done. The fact that slavery has placed the whole political fabric upon a false foundation, makes them feel that the slaves are their natural enemy. You speak in the open air, and your voice sounds as that of one man; but if you go into a deep cavern and speak, the reverberations make it sound as if a whole troop were there. Now the voice of John Brown in the dark vaults of the slave land is just like that; they think when they hear it, that whole legions are up in arms against them. They have been told, by one of their own most distinguished citizens, that the Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with them in a contest with their slaves.

I suppose we are all of one mind, and all that any one will say will be little more than an echo of what is in the hearts of all. The resolutions express the feelings of all hearts here. These resolutions were adopted unanimously at the meeting in Northampton, and I thought it would save trouble to have the same passed here, as this is only a continuation of the same meeting, and for the same purpose.

We affirm that this execution which has, no doubt, taken place to-day, was no common execution of a common criminal. Gov. Wise did not believe that it was, as he has told you through the newspapers, in his testimony to the courage, the firmness, the frankness and truthfulness of the victim; making him out, in short, a very noble man; then winding up by sending his sheriff to put a halter around his neck! It would have been well for the Governor and the people of Virginia to inquire, how comes it that we must take a good, honest, man—a hero of this time—and deliberately put him to death? This question the people will ask: Why did you do that deed? And the spirit of John Brown will be abroad, and his words will go out among the people, and will make their impression. The public mind is all alive to the influence of this man and his deeds; and Virginia feels this, and is unwilling that his last words shall reach the ears of men. Gov. Wise, we are told, has so ordered the arrangements for his execution, as to admit none but the soldiery within the sound of his voice. Virginia stands before the world as confessing that she dare not face the words of a dying old man. Cowards! Do they suppose that the betrayal of their cowardice will shield them from the consequences of it? It is plain that this execution of John Brown is no common affair. All men feel that it is not the execution of a criminal. They feel that it is the execution of a hero; a martyr to the principles he has so fearlessly defended. It has been always so, that when falsehood, conscious of its weakness, has resorted to the axe and the stake, she has wrought out her own overthrow by the very means she has taken to defend herself. It has been said, and cannot be too often said, that

'They never fail who nobly die for right;
God's faithful martyrs never suffer loss;
Their blazing faggots sow the world with light,
And Heaven's gate swings upon their bloody cross.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson said the other day in Boston, that 'the death of this saint of our day is to make the gallows glorious like the cross.' This is the way with falsehood and wrong. They try to brand some noble champion of right with ignominy, and so they use whatever is ignominous to them to set that brand upon their chosen victim; the result is, their brand of disgrace becomes a symbol of glory. Goodness, nobility and loftiness of soul, these are divine, and cannot be touched with the defilements of earth, or stained with the fumes of the 'nether pit.' Virginia, we suppose, has led John Brown to the scaffold to-day, and passed her halter around his neck; but has she killed John Brown? She may as well try to drive God out of the universe as to annul His charter of immortality to that heroic soul. She stretches out her hand, and grasps nothing but the dry husk from which the vital essence has escaped: John Brown is out of her reach. He still lives, a power in the warfare against slavery, mightier than when his blow at Harper's Ferry sent a panic through the South.

There will be a funeral one of these days, and around the open grave will words be spoken which will stir men's hearts like a trumpet-blast; and every year, as it comes round to the anniversary of this day, will make fresh the memory of John Brown, and gather multitudes to commemorate his heroism and his fate, and renew their allegiance to the principles for which he suffered; and thus shall he have done more this day for the cause he loved, than he could have done in prolonging his earthly life through the few short years which the course of nature would have yet allowed him. The yearly recurrence of this duty will give enlarged and still enlarging opportunity for spreading anti-slavery truth, and creating anti-slavery feeling; and the good work will go on till the Slave Power will find itself hemmed in on every side by an enemy more formidable than bands of armed men. Gov. Wise, if he had known enough to understand his true policy, would never have permitted a rope to touch the neck of that noble old man; never would have permitted that body to go down to the martyr's grave, which will be a resort of the pilgrims of Liberty from every quarter of our land where freedom has a votary. But 'whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.' Men talk about John Brown, and call *him* mad; but was there ever such madness as this—to think that they can trample truth under foot, and smother out the life of liberty, by gathering up a few dry husks from which the immortal substance has departed, and planting them in the grave over which they write 'ignominy'; while, under the very hands which trace it, the inscription changes to a glowing record of honor and undying fame? I have been glad to see that, all over the North, the expressions of sympathy with the brave old martyr have been numerous and hearty, and that to such an extent indeed, that the South complains that even the 'conservative' presses of the great commercial centres have, with but three or four exceptions, scarcely a word to say for her. I know not whether Virginia or the South adequately estimates the force with which the deed of to-day recoils against the slave system; but I cannot help feeling that when they see the expression it calls forth from so many and so varied sources throughout the North, many even of the slaveholders will ponder the question—'To what is all this tending?'

I said if Gov. Wise could have known enough to see his true policy, it would have been a very different one from this, but then, of course, he could not. We know that it is morally impossible for a slaveholding people to adopt a wise and sagacious policy towards the open and earnest enemies of their institution. Possibly, if Gov. Wise had been left to himself, he might have been willing to interpose for the old hero he could not help admiring, and save him from what was meant to be an ignominious death; but even if he were magnanimous or shrewd enough to meditate so politic a course, he could not resist the surrounding pressure. In a slaveholding community, barbarism, fierce bigotry for the popular idolatry, and intolerance towards all who will not bow down and worship according to its rites, must control the public sentiment. We know that slaveholding is itself a barbarism. This trampling men under foot, and making them brutes,—what is it but utter barbarism—brute force, triumphant over right and reason? Slavery can defend itself only by brute force; by repressing the utterance of free thought with tongue, or pen, or press. What is that but barbarism? Civilization needs not, asks not, the suppression of free speech, but thrives best in the air of mental liberty. Slavery cannot breathe in such an air. If a man raises his voice to speak those words which every unprejudiced man must feel to be true and right, the bludgeon is the only argument she can meet him with. Where Slavery is, there can be no freedom. There is not a pair of free lips in the whole South. Slavery is so wicked, so unwise, so destitute of any reasonable defence, that she feels herself obliged to stifle all free discussion. If any man dares to speak for freedom, he is banished from the land of Slavery. We see this in the case of Helper, of Hedrick, of Underwood, and of numbers more. When lynch law crushes out every attempt to speak against existing evils, what can come of it but barbarism? You cannot expect anything, therefore, from a slaveholding community but the vindictiveness of barbarism towards those who assail their system.

It is generally admitted that John Brown's motive was good; that he regarded his deed as a solemn duty. The very men who have killed him feel in their hearts that he believed himself to be doing a great and good work. We have their attestation of his truthfulness and sincerity; and in the face of all this, we have the history of to-day—what we suppose is to be the history of to-day. Now put these two things together, and then imagine yourselves fifty years in advance of to-day; and how will Virginia look then? Taking one of the best men within her borders,—taking him in the face of all these admissions as to his character,—and deliberately putting him to death; sending his soul where, if she ever goes, she will have a long purgatorial journey to get there. How will this read in the history of Virginia? How will it read in *our* history?—for we are so closely connected with her, that we cannot wholly escape responsibility for this day's work. How will it read in the history of this whole country, which claims to be free and liberty-loving? How will it read, that John Brown dies the death of a criminal, for a deed which every man admits was done under a high sense of duty, love for his fellow-men, and love for his God?

But it will be said that he was a wrong-doer in invading Virginia; and the wrong-doer is answerable for all the consequences—even though unintended—of his wrong-doing, be his motives what they may. Well, if you say this, you must inquire which is the original wrong-doer?—where was the first aggression? You must not stop in the middle of the whole transaction. If I strike you in the face, and then with a meek and innocent look stand with my hands behind me while you return the blow, it will not do for me to call you the aggressor, because at that moment I was doing you no violence. I must go one step further back, and tell what had provoked the assault. John Brown was not the aggressor. Virginia had been for years waging war upon humanity, trampling the rights of men under foot, and converting manhood into chattelism; had gone on robbing, to the very furthest possible extent of robbery, hundreds of thousands of her inhabitants. Is it replied that John Brown was not a special object of that aggression? What then? Are not La Fayette, and Steuben, and Pulaski, and other foreigners remembered with grateful admiration all over this country, for the part they took in a quarrel which was not specially theirs? Yet what did they, which, *in principle*, was not what John Brown did?—though, in the *degree* of fearless, unselfish, whole-souled devotion to that principle, their deeds hardly deserve to be mentioned in the same week with his.

If we could make the comparison, standing outside of all personal or national partialities, I think we should all see that John Brown's exploit, as a display of high, heroic qualities—of courage, of disinterested self-sacrifice for the sake of others, of a deep sense of the worth of manhood and freedom—transcended far the deeds of the Revolution. Not for himself, not for his own class, not for those who could requite his services, he put his life in peril; but for a race degraded, feeble and despised; whose only claim upon him was, that they are human and that they are suffering. Our fathers fought for their own freedom, and that of their posterity; and their foreign helpers fought for a people enlightened, powerful, able to appreciate and reward the friendly act. Are we told of the blood which Brown has shed? But blood was shed by the men of the Revolution too. If you hold to the faith—which alone can justify them—that it is right to shed blood in defence of freedom, how can you, on that account, condemn him? If oppression justifies an appeal to arms, I say that John Brown and those whose sad condition prompted him to his bold enterprise, had ten thousand times more ground for that appeal than our revolutionary fathers and their foreign helpers had. Jefferson, you know, has said that one hour of the slave's bondage is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose. The proportion of justification, then, in the two cases, is as ages to hours, and that, too, in the slave's favor. Now, if you admit the right of the slave to use violence to achieve his own freedom, the question next arises, whether John Brown has not a right to interfere on the slave's behalf. This is answered from Brown's stand-point, very concisely. He would simple point you to the Golden Rule. If he would like another to interfere for him, then he held it his right, his duty, to interfere for others. He believed he was to love his neighbor as himself. Had he a right to fight in self-defence?—to kill for the preservation or recovery of his own liberty? Then, why not for his neighbors too? Suppose he were sailing along the coast of Barbary, in the days when Algerine corsairs enslaved all Christians they could lay their hands upon; and one of these corsairs had run out from one of those piratical dens, and tried to seize and make a slave of *him*—would it have been right for him to resist unto blood? You say—the country says—it would. I remember well that a little handful of men were sent out from this country to right the wrongs done to some of our countrymen by one of those Barbary States; and that, having gathered a few auxiliaries there, they fought battles and gained victories till they menaced the chief city of the State, and would have taken it had not a treaty of peace procured the release of the captives. And I remember that one of our popular poets celebrated the deed as honorable to themselves and their country; told how

'Our Eagle, soaring with unwearied flight,
Mid clouds to enjoy th' last faint gleam of light,
With piercing eye glanced o'er the watery waste,
And saw her flag by Mussulmen disgraced,
Nay, heard her children, on Numidia's plains,
Sigh for their homes, and clank Abdallah's chains.
The generous bird, at that incensing view,
Caught from the clouds her thunder as she flew,
With dreadful shriek alarmed the guilty coast,
And launched the bolt on Caramelli's host.
Crescent and turban sunk in wild dismay,
The Turkish soul indignant left its clay,
Though to the brave a rich reward is given,—
The arms of Houris, and the bowers of Heaven,—
And Eaton trod in triumph o'er his foe,
Where once fought Hannibal and Scipio.'

And another of our poets, popular at that day, took up the strain of eulogy, and exclaimed:—

'Who for the brave could feel?
Who warm with generous zeal
His country's veins?
Eaton, a glorious name,
Struck from the flint of fame
A spark whose chemic flame
Dissolved their chains.

Through Lybia's desert sands
He led his venturous bands,
Hovering to save,
Where Fame her wings ne'er spread
O'er Alexander's head,
Where Cato bowed and bled,
In glory's grave.'

And the whole country echoed the sentiment of these poets. We see that here was something deemed meritorious; something to be proud of. What was it? Fighting for liberty; killing men who would not let a few slaves come into the enjoyment of their rights. The faith of this country is, that a man—at least one of John Brown's race—has a right to kill for his freedom; has a right to wade for his liberty through seas of blood, or climb to it over mountains of the slain. Now, put along side of this article of faith the doctrine which is also professedly believed in here, which is preached in all the pulpits, and has at least the intellectual assent of the people generally, that we ought to love our neighbor as ourselves, and, of course, ought to value his rights as highly as our own—and what follows? John Brown believed in that doctrine, not merely with the brain, but with the heart; believed in it with that sort of faith which impels to action. He reasoned thus:—'If it is right for me to kill the man who would rob me of my liberty, then I have the right to kill the man who would rob another of his liberty, if only so the robbery could be prevented.' Not that he delighted in bloodshed. He would not take life wantonly, recklessly; only when he believed it absolutely necessary to the ends of justice and humanity. You have read the instruction which he gave to his men just before they started on this expedition. He says—'Let me press this one thing on your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and, in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one, if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it.' Here is the key-note of his heart. Be as true to others as you are to yourselves; shed no blood needlessly; but if it becomes *necessary* to take life, make sure work of it. And that was good counsel, even merciful, if killing must be done at all. Of course, if they might rightfully attempt it, they ought to make sure work of it; strike a blow so sure that it would not need to be repeated. A few of us have a right to say, 'You are wrong in counselling bloodshed, even for the slave's deliverance. We think you have erred in your choice of means; that is not the Christian way of redressing wrongs,—to take up the sword.' But what right has any man to say that, who considers it right to fight for his own life and his own freedom; and yet admits his duty to love others as himself? You might, indeed, perhaps, consistently call in question John Brown's course on the ground of *expediency*; might say, 'I do not believe in striking a blow till it is certain to be effectual. We have no right to run such fearful risks, and involve others in them, without a reasonable prospect of a countervailing measure of success.' But, then, you must censure Brown merely for being imprudent; not for having done anything in itself wrong. Taking that ground, the worst thing which can be said of him is that, he acted imprudently.—That may be true; or—if we estimate the prudence of the measure by its results—it may not be true. That he has not come out where he desired to come out, is plain enough; yet it is not certain that he has not come out at a better place for his ultimate design. His seeming failure may prove a more complete success than he anticipated. I believe that John Brown's expedition into Virginia has been more successful for the cause of humanity, than the one he made two years ago into Missouri, where he succeeded in running off a few slaves in defiance of the Border Ruffians, and the State and Federal authorities. I believe that this apparent defeat will be more promotive of the downfall of Slavery, than would have been the carrying out of his original design; for it brings out distinctly to the general apprehension the *moral* element of his enterprise, which is its real power; the unselfishness of it, the spirit of self-sacrifice for the right, and for others' good, which animated it. But, aside from this, and considering his attempt as a military enterprise alone, you do not know that the man was imprudent until you know his whole plan; and that, it is now probable, you can never know. My first impression was that, even aside from the question of principle, it was a terrible mistake. I am not sure that I do not now think differently. I incline to believe that, tried by the ordinary rules of estimating success and failure, it is at least not proved that the attempt was not, on the whole, what men call expedient. All human undertakings, however well devised, are liable to some hindrances which no prudence or sagacity could have foreseen, and taken into account. It must be so, for man is fallible; and, unless he were all-seeing, it could not be otherwise. Doubtless, something of this sort deranged Brown's plans. He claims, I think, something like this; and knowing what we do of the man, and of his former achievements, and giving due weight to the consideration just suggested, we cannot be sure that this is not one of those cases in which seeming rashness is the truest prudence. But granting that it is not, still, I repeat, the worst you who believe in fighting can make of it is, that he did not well proportion his means to the difficulties of his task; for it is admitted that the object he desired was noble; the journals all over the North say it; Virginia herself cannot consistently gainsay it, with her own coat of arms before her.

Virginia will storm and denounce for a time; but, by and by, she will feel that he has done nothing which contains the moral essence of a crime, for he has acted from no base or selfish motive. She will feel, too, that, when it comes to this, that men are willing to die for the slave's sake,—that slavery is so odious as to arouse such a spirit as this against it, its days are numbered. The time is coming when slavery will be a thing of the past, remembered only as a by-gone barbarism; and the memory of it will be as the remembrance of the nightmare of last night's dream. When that day comes; when the people of the South awake from their fearful dream, relieved of their terrible nightmare, shall see things as they are, then the South also will own in her victim a hero and a martyr, and will be ashamed that in her blindness and her terror she deemed John Brown worthy to die for the deed which he has done. (Applause.)

Brief addresses were made by E. L. Hammond, Frederick Day, Julius Phelps, J. O. Whitehouse, S. S. Hill, James Flood, M. Machol, and D. W. Bond. The resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

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OF

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